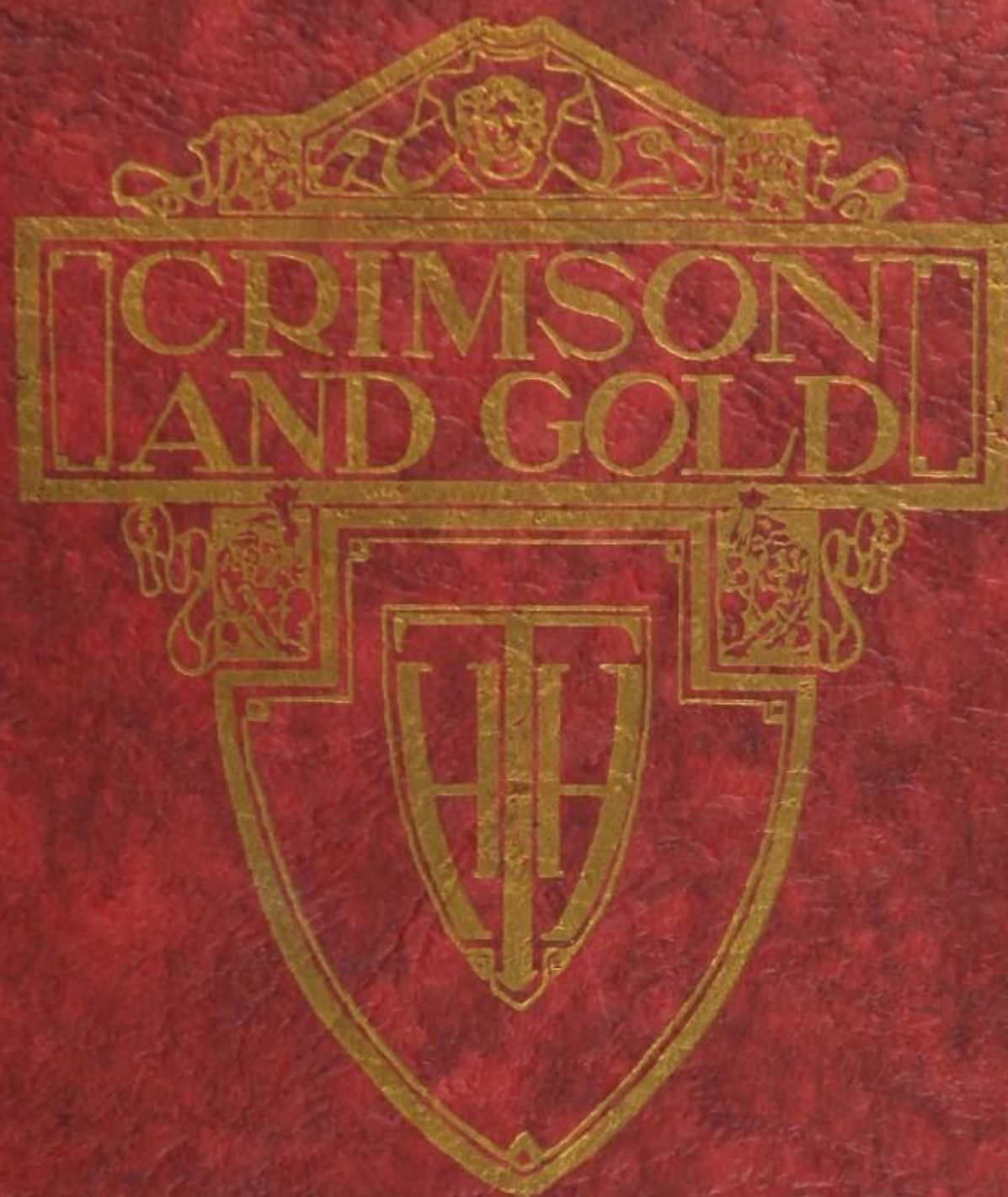
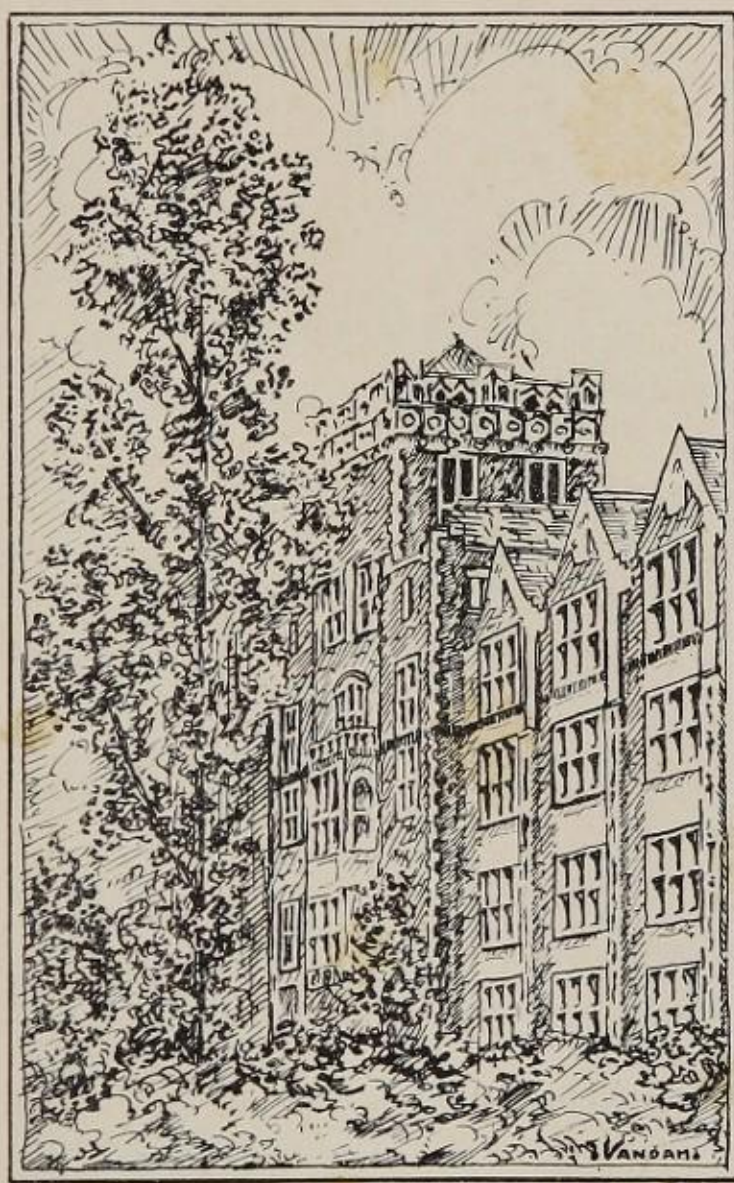




JANUARY 1930

CRIMSON AND GOLD



TOWNSEND HARRIS

LINES
OR
D'ANDREA'S PORTRAIT
OF



His life was rounded with a grace
That formed the sweetness of his face.

High purpose cast his features bold, His eye shone with a lover's light:
But charity relaxed the mold, His love was truth; his passion, right.
And shaped evert the lower lip, His brow, arched in a splendid span,
To postulate the gentle quip. Avouched the genius of the man,

But marked the beauty of a face
Touched with the soul's refining grace.

J. E. F.

Foreword

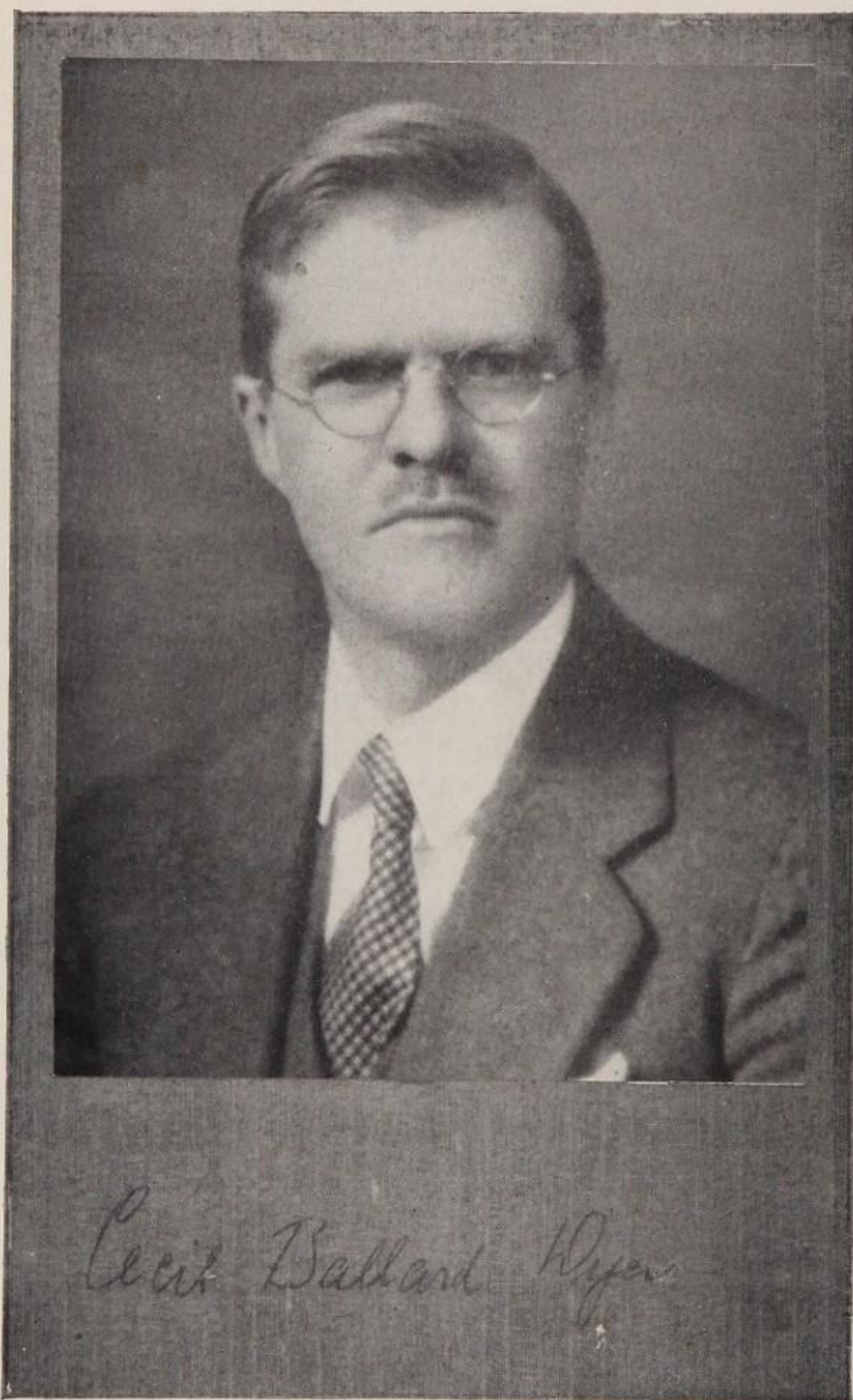
THIS semi-annual book, which, at first, was delayed by unforeseen difficulties, has withstood the ordeal of trial and tribulation, and has passed every test with flying colors. Although there is no school publication which stands head and shoulders above its fellows, each and every one has some definite end in view. Our purpose is to set before you a resume of Harris life, omitting nothing. How well we have succeeded you may judge for yourselves.

Our high-school period, the period during which habits are contracted and characters are shaped, has been spent within the massive walls of Townsend Harris Hall. There has now come to us a feeling of remorse and sorrow that we have not made the most of the numerous opportunities offered us during our brief sojourn in Harris. We now see what a beneficial influence the zealous faculty and congenial atmosphere have exerted over us. It is now, as seniors and graduates, that we notice for the first time that feeling of self-confidence inspired in us by the teachings of our instructors and by our experiences in bearing responsibilities. Therefore, it is with due thanks and appreciation of the untiring efforts of our benefactors that we present to you this record of the accomplishments of the Class of January, 1930.

We have three aims in mind in offering this book to the student body. To the freshmen we give it in the hope that it will assist and instruct them in the complexities of high-school existence. To the undergraduates we give it as a faithful chronicle of their activities, curricular and extra-curricular, and as a tangible token of our esteem. To the seniors, our classmates, comrades, and friends, we give it as a record of their attainments, as a souvenir of pleasant days spent in the shade of the venerable walls of Townsend Harris Hall, as a memorial of several friendships, and as a golden link binding the man of tomorrow with the youth of today. Thus we make known the spirit in which we give this product of our toil to you, and we trust that you will receive it in that same spirit.

Indeed, our staff may be compared to an orchestra, in that each member has some definite note to sound. If each player applies himself to his own part, the music swells into a triumphant symphony, a glorious harmony; but, if only a single player fails to perform his appointed duty, a jangled discord replaces the peaceful harmony.

Our orchestra has performed flawlessly; led by expert conductors, we have produced our composition. However, many a good book has not met with popular approbation, and those that have are not all commendable. It is our fondest desire to be remembered for our efforts; and, if this work be deserving of praise, even though superanimadversive minds may find fault, we shall have just cause for pleasure in our accomplishment.



TO
CECIL BALLARD DYER

*whose quaint speech, whimsical humor, and
winning manner attest his wholesome habit of
mind and deep charm of soul; whose equable
warmth of temperament has illuminated for us
the wisdom of his devotion to the discipline of
effort and of independence; whose uncompromising
enthusiasm for the best has shaped us in
character and strengthened us in reason; and
whose intellectual and comradely intimacy with
us has made us the more emulative of the
excellence for which he stands; — this book is
affectionately dedicated.*



GENTLEMEN OF THE CLASS OF JANUARY, 1930:

No longer now—at least for a few years—will it be seemly to call you "boys." Fortunate will you be if only you measure up to the full stature of the title "gentlemen." The Crimson and Gold is essentially a senior and a farewell publication, even though it does include the activities of a large number of students not in the senior class, a yearbook which gathers between its covers all that enjoyable life of the three years spent at Harris.

It is somewhat difficult for a newcomer like myself to convey to you a message enriched by extended friendship, and yet this is the type of message that

I know you would be glad to have in your volume. However, during the few days that we have been together, I have seen the critical glances that you have cast upon your new director, evaluating him as one would say, "I wonder what kind of a leader he is going to make?" I may add that I, too, have been applying the measuring rod to some of you, as I have seen you in the corridors, in the alcove, in the last seats of the auditorium and in your classrooms, and I am happy to report that the few intimate contacts that have been mine, have made me rejoice in the fineness of the product that three years at Harris can give.

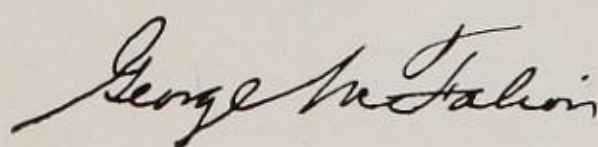
As the years pass on, it will be discovered that the Crimson and Gold will serve several purposes. Of course, it will be a picture gallery both literally and metaphorically, becoming increasingly droll with the seasons, and incidentally, with the styles. It will also be a reminder of some of the happiest years of your life, those years that are most free from serious responsibility and when all the world seems gay. Finally it will be a sort of instrument welding together the friendships and loyalties made with your fellow students during your stay at Harris. All of these purposes have distinct values and I should be very sorry ever to see a class unwilling to spend the time and energy requisite to compile such a record as is contained in the Crimson and Gold. The time spent upon it now, to some of you, may seem far out of proportion to the return. But with the days, I am sure you will forget the hardship of the task and remember only the delight in your work upon this book.

Without fear of being decried as conceited, I prophesy with confidence that the message

of your director will be well thumbed—chiefly in order that you may pass the more rapidly to something more interesting. But the unexpected reminiscences that leap out from those other pages on "moving days" or at some time when the spirit moves you to clean up, will be a source of quiet pleasure. There is something intimate about a class book. References in it that seem trite and meaningless to the uninitiated, to you will be replete with meaning, striking a myriad delicate chords of memory, bringing pleasant melodies to your ears. This sweet communion with the past, conjured up by *Crimson and Gold* will, I venture to say, be found the greatest value of your yearbook. But one other thought I would leave with you. After all, perusal of the *Crimson and Gold* insists upon telling us that there is now a parting of the way, whether to City College or to some other higher institutions. Especially in these other institutions new adjustments sometimes quite difficult will be necessary. The training at Harris, with much of its collegiate atmosphere will, I am sure, prove very valuable. Yet much that has been acquired even here, I suspect, will have to be discarded. There will be much also that we shall want to retain. Many of you are very young—in years at least—and I wonder sometimes whether you have been what has been aptly termed—psychologically weaned. Or is it true that you still move around tied to the proverbial "mother's apron strings"? If the tie has not yet been loosened it must be now, as you go on to your college work. Hereafter, you will want to do this. This does not by any means indicate that fine filial devotion in which your parents have rejoiced for years is to be one whit lessened. In fact it ought to be deepened, but the relationship will be quite changed. Do not be disturbed by this and never forget the sacrifice that so many of your parents have made in order that you might attain to this high rank of senior at Townsend Harris Hall. Those elements in the foundation at Harris that on close scrutiny seem to be mere wood, hay, stubble, must be cast out. But those firm foundation stones of character that made possible the life and work of the one that has given his name to this institution must be kept, and upon them your superstructure should be erected.

In conclusion, may I say again how happy I have been in the few fleeting glimpses I have had of the Class of January 1930? May you always be proud of being called a child of Townsend Harris and may the spirit of Townsend Harris likewise always be proud of its children.

Most sincerely yours,



Faculty



FALION, GEORGE M. *1929
Director
B. A., M. A.; *Columbia*



HUTCHISON, FREDERICK W. 1906
Supervisor, Art Dept.
A. N. A.



ALLES, ROBERT H. 1906
Supervisor, English Dept.
B. S., C. C. N. Y.; M. A., *Columbia*



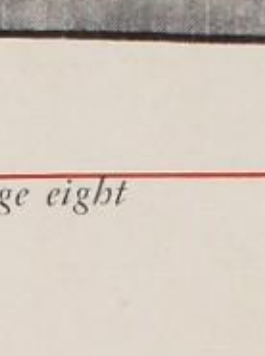
LANG, JOHN T. 1923
Art Department
Columbia



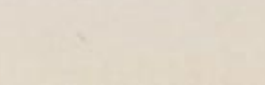
KLEIN, DAVID 1905
English Department
B. S., C. C. N. Y.; M. A.,
Columbia; Ph. D., N. Y. U.



D'ANDREA, ALBERT P. 1918
Art Department
A. B.; C. C. N. Y.



FITZPATRICK, JOSEPH E. 1907
English Department
A. B., A. M.; *Fordham*



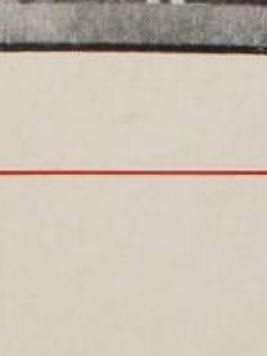
FENDERSON, MARK 1918
Art Department
National Academy of Design

DYER, CECIL B. 1917
English Department
B. A., C. C. N. Y.; M.A., *Columbia*

BOYD, EDWARD F. 1924
Art Department
National Academy of Design

FLYNN, JAMES E. 1922
English Department
A. B., C. C. N. Y.; LLB., *Fordham*

* YEAR OF APPOINTMENT





MARTIN, CHRISTOPHER 1922
English Department
A. B., C. C. N. Y.; A. M.,
Catholic U. of A.

CANFIELD, LEON H. 1909
Supervisor, History Dept.
A. B., *Syracuse*; Ph. D., *Columbia*

TRILLING, LOUIS R. 1923
English Department
A. B., C. C. N. Y.; A.M., *Columbia*

MENDELSON, CHARLES J. 1906
History Department
A. B., Ph. D.; *U. of Penn.*

SMITH, MAX 1927
English Department
B. S., M. S.; C. C. N. Y.

FRIEDMAN, JACOB A. 1919
History Department
A. B., C. C. N. Y.; A.M., *Columbia*

DENNETT, DAYTON N. 1929
English Department
B. A., C. C. N. Y.

LANDMAN, JACOB H. 1922
History Department
A. B., C. C. N. Y.; A. M., D. D. S.;
Columbia: J. D., J. S. D.; *N. Y. U.*

GOLDWAY, DAVID 1929
English Department
B. S., C. C. N. Y.

BLAKE, GEORGE W. 1923
History Department
M. A., *N. Y. U.*

PENN, EDWARD E. 1929
English Department
B. S., C. C. N. Y.

MANDEVILLE, EDWIN W. 1927
History Department
A. B., A. M.; *Columbia*





PERLMUTTER, BERNARD 1924
History Department
A. B., C. C. N. Y.



WECHSLER, LOUIS 1925
Latin Department
A. B., C. C. N. Y.; A.M., Columbia



HALLIDAY, EDGAR 1906
Supervisor, Latin Dept.
A. B., Princeton; A. M., Columbia



STANDERWICK, HENRY F. 1928
Latin Department
A. B. A. M.; Columbia



BEGG, WILLIAM R. 1922
Latin Department
A. B., C. C. N. Y.; A.M., Columbia



KERNAN, JAMES 1929
Latin Department
A. B., C. C. N. Y.

CHASTNEY, ROBERT H. 1923
Latin Department
A. B., Hamilton; A. M., Columbia

HEYNICH, RICHARD O. 1904
Supervisor, German Dept.
Diploma; Teacher's Col. (Germany)

DRABKIN, ISRAEL E. 1923
Latin Department
A. B., C. C. N. Y.; A.M., Columbia

TAUB, L. LEO 1929
German Department
A. B., C. C. N. Y.

SHELDON, EDWARD 1925
Latin Department
B. A. Yale; M. A., Columbia

ROBINSON, DEVEREUX 1914
Supervisor, Math. Dept.
M. E., Stevens Institute





NEWMAN, PHILIP 1925
Math. Department
B. S., C. C. N. Y.; M. A., Columbia



TRUESDELL, WALDO B. 1907
Supervisor, Physics Dept.
A. B., Harvard; A. M., Columbia



SCHAAF, WILLIAM 1926
Math. Department
B. S., M. A., Ph. D.; Columbia



BANISTER, SETH W. 1928
Physics Department
B. S., Mass. Agr. College



CARRIE, RENE 1923
Math. Department
*B. es S., Marseille; B. es L., Aix;
A. B., M. A.; Columbia*



COEN, EDWARD T. 1929
Physics Department
A. B., La Salle

ROTHMAN, IRWIN M. 1927
Math. Department
B. S., C. C. N. Y.

SALVATORE, PAUL J. 1928
Supervisor, Rom. Lang. Dept.
A. B., Columbia

HURWITZ, SOLOMON 1927
Math. Department
B. S., C. C. N. Y.; M. A., Columbia

ROUGIER, FRANCIS L. 1905
Romance Languages Dept.
Ph. D., N. Y. U.

MACEWEN, DUNCAN M. 1929
Math. Department
B. S., U. of Saskatchewan

TROY, WILLIAM 1919
Romance Languages Dept.
B. A., C. C. N. Y.





DAMBAC, THEOPHILE 1923
Romance Languages Dept.
B. es L., Grenoble U. (France)



SAMMARTINO, PETER 1929
Romance Languages Dept.
B. S., C. C. N. Y.; M. A., N. Y. U.



PEI, MARIO A. 1924
Romance Languages Dept.
A. B., C. C. N. Y.



BURG, WILLIAM 1929
Supervisor, Hygiene Dept.
M. D., N. Y. Hom. & Flower Hosp.



MARTEL, JOSE 1925
Romance Languages Dept.
M. A., Maryland



ANDERSON, E. A. FRANKLIN 1929
Hygiene Department
B. S., U. of New Hampshire

HEFT, DAVID 1928
Romance Languages Dept.
B. S., C. C. N. Y.

CONGER, RAY 1929
Hygiene Department
B. S., M. S.; Iowa State U.

RHODES, SOLOMON A. 1929
Romance Languages Dept.
B. S., M. A., Ph. D.; Cornell

SALT, E. BENTON 1929
Hygiene Department
B. S., Ohio State; M. A., Columbia

SCHWARTZ, MILTON 1929
Romance Languages Dept.
B. A., C. C. N. Y.

KAYSER, GEORGE 1920
Physics Department
Lab. Assistant





LONG, DAVID 1904
Attendant

RICHTER, AMY M. 1926
Recorder

CONTI, GAETANO A. 1920
Assistant Attendant

SPENCE, DORALENE M. 1920
Secretary to Director

JAMES, MARGARET B. 1920
Librarian
*Diploma, Library School of the
New York Public Library*

ALPERT, YETTA 1927
School Clerk



SMITH, PHILIP 1920
Math. Department
A. B., Yale; A. M., Columbia

WHYTE, WILLIAM A. 1908
Math. Department
B. S., N. Y. U.

SENFNER, ALEXIS, E
Math. Department
A. B., A. M., B. D., Ph. D.



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Arista

BECAUSE of the fact that it took such a great interest in school affairs, the Arista this term was more truly representative of the whole upper school than ever before. Through the energetic efforts of Prof. Falion, the Arista organized efficient help classes, which assembled weekly, and which rendered assistance to those students unfortunate enough to require it. Another valuable service performed by the leading men of the school was their supervision of the Lower C sections, and, in the role of advisers to the lower classmen, the Arista played their part to perfection.

It was only this term that the organization assumed its rightful position at the head of all service groups. In recent terms, this unique society was more or less active; the only task of the members was the selection of their successors, but, during the past year, the Arista has awakened to a realization of its importance in the diurnal life of the student. It became a group of outstanding men, men leading in both academic and extra-curricular fields, and the members of the assembly worked hand in hand with members of the faculty senate, which consisted of:

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HAROLD H. FRIEDMAN	<i>Vice-Leader</i>
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VINCENT MONTALBANO	WILLY VAN ROESBROECK

Seniors

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The Senior

AS THE inspiration of the student body, as the acme of scholarly perfection, the senior bears a great responsibility. He is the finished product, the best the school has to offer, and, as such, he must bear the brunt of every attack on the name and fame of his Alma Mater. He has surmounted myriads of obstacles during his arduous struggle, and has received his just reward. He is looked up to and respected by all as a victor in a heart-breaking struggle, as a conqueror of all opposition. He has emerged successful in every encounter; in short, he has won the battle.

But has he? At this very moment of magnificent triumph, the victory may slip from his covetous hands and sink forever into the gloomy depths whence it has been raised. Only too often the senior sincerely believes that he has reached his goal, for to rise to the rank of senior, to fight for three long years, and, what is more, to fight and win, is a gigantic task, a task of Titanic proportions. Yet in spite of all the glory accruing to such a splendid victory, is it not just a plateau in the age-old trail up those towering pinnacles to which we all aspire? True, the senior may rest on his laurels, but for a short time only. If he hesitates for more than a moment, he is lost, hopelessly, irremediably lost, for he will be hurled headlong from the path, and will wander forever in the valleys while others climb to the heights.

Onward, upward, higher and ever higher must he go, until the last cliff is scaled, and the highest peak attained. Though he plumb the lowest depths, he will rise once more, and at length reach that point from which he can survey the land, where the world lies open at his feet, where all things are his for the asking. Then, and then only, may he gaze down the precipitous path and be conscious of that glow of pride which goes hand in hand with work well done.

It is not for the senior to lay aside his armor and rest content in his haven of refuge; it is his privilege, nay, his duty, to show the way to thousands of young hopefuls who will one day stand in his place. It is for him to set a noble example for those who follow. It is for the senior to proclaim that, although he holds an indeed exalted position in his time, he must not let his head be turned by the homage done him; he must take up his staff once more and gird his loins for the weary journey ahead; he must forge ever onward with unflinching courage, with unfaltering heart, to that ultimate reward which crowns the effort of the sincere and willing worker.



J. Wacht



S. Levy



J. Greenbaum



E. Ernst



R. Jerskey



H. Weinstein



D. Stein



H. Friedman



S. Russo



M. Goldreich



R. Greene



E. Knoblowitz



J. Rosenthal



M. Hellinger



M. Krassner



M. Kendall



S. Bloom



H. Bekaert

Honors

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 NATHAN SOMBERG*Vice-President*
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 EUGENE SHAPIRO*Treasurer*
 ARTHUR STEIG*G. O. Delegate*

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 STANLEY RUSSO*Vice-President*
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 IRVING ROSENTHAL*Treasurer*
 ARTHUR STEIG*G. O. Delegate*

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 NATHANIEL GOLDREICH ..*Vice-President*
 ELLIOTT HECHTMAN*Secretary*
 STANLEY RUSSO*Treasurer*
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 MONROE HELLINGER*G. O. Delegate*

T. H. H. SERVICE PINS

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ALAN E. HEWITT	LOUIS L. FRIEDMAN
HAROLD A. WEINSTEIN	HAROLD H. FRIEDMAN
EMANUEL KNOBLOWITZ	GILBERT E. GOODKIND

CLASS SERVICE PINS

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STANLEY RUSSO	ARTHUR STEIG
JOSEPH ASKENAS	MORTON STERN
LOUIS L. FRIEDMAN	RALPH M. JERSKEY
NATHANIEL GOLDREICH	HAROLD H. FRIEDMAN
HAROLD A. WEINSTEIN	EMANUEL KNOBLOWITZ
IRVING ROSENTHAL	

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GEORGE KINZLER	SAMUEL JERNOVE
SIDNEY A. BLOOM	RAYMOND GREENE
ZACHARY YARCHOAN	ABRAHAM MAKOFKY
EMANUEL KNOBLOWITZ	LEONARD GOLDENSON
HAROLD A. WEINSTEIN	MATTHEW H. KRASSNER
CLEMENT JERVIS	



Seniors

ALPERN, MORRIS C. C. N. Y.

*"As number one, he heads the list;
As for being bright—case dismissed."*

Vars. Track; Sect. Boxball, Assoc. Football;
Chess, French Clubs.

ALTON, WILLIAM C. C. N. Y.

*"Nothing ventured, nothing gained—or
lost."*

Hatik., Classical, Cur. Events, Fine Arts Soc.;
Sect. Boxball.

AXLER, BERNARD C. C. N. Y.

"Knowledge is power—the weakling."

Hatik., Cur. Events, Science, Span. Clubs;
Alg. Sq.; Sect. Soccer, B.B.

BEIER, HERBERT C. C. N. Y.

*"We call him Luke, because he's not
so hot."*

Vars. Track; Frosh Track; Sect. Soccer, Box-
ball; Hatikvah Soc.

BEKAERT, ARSENE C. C. N. Y.

"He lubricates his larynx with silence."

Pres. Stamp & Coin Club; Stamp & Coin (4),
Spanish Clubs; Eng. Rep. (2); Vars. Sales.

BERGER, JEROME C. C. N. Y.

"He leads his class—at fire drills."

Class Soccer; Assoc. Football; Sect. B.B., Box-
ball; German, Chess & Checker Clubs.

BERNSTEIN, HERMAN C. C. N. Y.

*"Why are you so wonderful, Cicero?"
"I don't know."*

Ed.-in-Chief Dramatist; Eng. Rep.; T.D.; Dra-
matic, Cur. Events, Hatik. Soc.

BERNSTEIN, WILLIAM M. C. C. N. Y.

"A chess-nut?"

Vars., Class Chess; Chess & Checker Club.

BLOOM, MARVIN C. C. N. Y.

*"The rose blooms in summer only; he's
a-Bloom all the time."*

Assoc. Ed. C. & G.; Ed.-in-Chief Class Paper;
Class Entertainment; French Prize; French
Club; Tri. B.B.; Sect. Soccer, B.B.; Boxball.

BLOOM, SIDNEY C. C. N. Y.

*"If only he could play as well as he
writes—"*

Sports Ed. C. & G.; Vars. Track; Class Num-
erals; Class Paper (4); Tri. B.B.; Capt. Class
B.B.; Assoc. Football; Class Soccer; Eng. Rep.

BOYD, WILLIAM C. C. N. Y.

"De oily Boyd."

Capt. Vars. Swim.; Vars. Swim. (6); Block H
(2); H.S.T. (2); Frosh Swim.; German Club.

BRAND, HAROLD C. C. N. Y.

"One of those brass Brands."

Pub. Mgr. Law & Deb.; Fenc. Sq.; Inf. Bu.;
Law & Deb. (3); German, Stamp & Coin
Clubs.

COHN, ALFRED C. C. N. Y.

*"He bet on the Cubs; 'twas thus the A's
won."*

Lib. Sq.; Classical, Fine Arts; Hatik. Soc.; Sect.
Deb.

COHEN, ALLAN J. C. C. N. Y.

"The Cohens are coming."

Varsity Track; Section Boxball; Assoc. Foot-
ball, Champion Section Boxball; French, Cur-
rent History Clubs.

COHEN, JONATHAN C. C. N. Y.

*"He loves Harris as David loved his
namesake."*

Vars., Class, Sect. Soccer; Class Baseball; Sect.
Box., B.B.; Orchestra; Chess & Checker; Fine
Arts Soc.

COHEN, MORTIMER H. Columbia

*"He's good as an actor; better as a chess
player; but best as a friend."*

Vars. Show; Org. Bd. C. & G.; Vars. Chess;
Pres. Chess & Checker; Capt. Tri. Chess; T.D.
(3); Sec'y., Pub. Mgr. Hatikvah; Sec'y. Fine
Arts Soc.; Puzzle Ed. Pawnshop.

COHEN, MORTIMER Penn

*"So absorbed in Math is he,
He ends his prayers with Q.E.D."*

Swim. Sq.; French, Science, Math., German
Clubs.

COHEN, SAMUEL C. C. N. Y.

"His life is in running order."

Vars.; Class Track (2); Tri. Champ. Track,
B.B.; Class Soccer, B.B.; French Club.



Seniors

CHISHOLM, WILLIAM Columbia
"He defies the law of gravitation—always keeps his head up."
 Eng. Rep.; Sect. Ath. Mgr. (3); Sect. Box, Handball; Spanish Club.

DONNELLY, ARTHUR West Point
"They'll have to burn the school to get him out."
 Mgr. Vars. B.B.; Vars. B.B.(2), Fenc., Track; Pub. Mgr. Italian Club.

DUNKELBLUM, WILLIAM C. C. N. Y.
"He has an athletic heart."
 Vars. B.B., Soccer, Track; Class B.B.; Soccer, Assoc. Football, Sect. Box, Soccer.

ELIASBERG, HAROLD Cornell
"Our Pathe News—sees all, knows all."
 Fenc., Swim, Track (2) Sq.; T.D.; Aero, Classical, Eng. Lit., German, French, Hatik., Law & Deb. Soc.

ELSWIT, FRED C. C. N. Y.
"One who can be funny when he chooses."
 Art Staff C. & G.; Vars. Show Tech. Staff (3); Art Staff Class Paper; Vars. Swim.; Fenc. Sq.; T.D.; Span., Art Soc.

EPSTEIN, ROBERT C. C. N. Y.
"Absorbed in chess to the exclusion of all else."
 Pres. Chess & Checker; Vars. Chess; German Club.

ERNST, EMIL C. C. N. Y.
"Upon seeing the Siamese twins, he was heard to exclaim: 'Sisters, I suppose.'"
 Circ. Mgr. C. & G.; Eng. Rep.; T.D. (3); Ed.-in-Chief Der Beobachter; Math; Eng. Lit., German, Cur. Events Clubs; Oracle.

ESTRIN, IRVING C. C. N. Y.
"A heavy favorite."
 Lib. Sq.; T.D.; Law & Deb., Hatik., Classical, Science Clubs, Sect. Deb. (4).

FORDAN, BERNARD C. C. N. Y.
"Something between a hindrance and a help."
 Classical, Fine Arts, Stamp & Coin, Eng. Lit., Science Clubs; Sect. Soccer.

FREDERICKS, ALFRED C. C. N. Y.
"His face and neck are always clean; He's captain of the swimming team."
 Capt. Vars. Swim.; Vars. Swim. (4); Frosh Swim.; Block H; French, German Clubs.

FRIEDMAN, HAROLD H. Harvard
"He slept and dreamt that life was beauty; He woke and found that life was duty."
 Vice-Leader Arista; Man. Ed. C. & G.; Sec'y. G. O.; T.H.H. Serv. Pin; Class Serv. Pin; G. O. Rep.; Vice-Pres., Sec'y.-Treas. Hatik. Soc.; Ed.-in-Chief Pawnshop; Eng. Rep. (2); Tennis Sq.; Fine Arts, Hatik. (4), Chess & Checker (3).

FRIEDMAN, LOUIS L. Columbia
"Louis surely's a good boss; He could get an 'ad' from Santa Claus."
 Bus. Mgr., Adv. Mgr. C. & G.; Assoc. Bus. Mgr., Ass't. Bus. Mgr. Stadium; Class Serv. Pin; T.D. (2); Lib. Sq. (2); Bus. Mgr. Oracle. Handbook Sales (2).

FUCHS, CHARLES C. C. N. Y.
"Moanin' Low."
 Class Deb.; French, Spanish, Cur. Events, Eng. Lit. Soc.; Class Assoc. Football.

FUZESEY, ZOLTAN C. C. N. Y.
"Silence here and nothing more."
 Section Soccer, Boxball, Assoc. Football; Vars. Show Sales.

GOLDBERG, CARL C. C. N. Y.
"The leader of the clan."
 Dram., Math., Stamp & Coin, French Clubs; Sect. B.B., Soccer.

GOLDBERG, PHILIP N. Y. U.
"Ye Olde Oratore."
 Lacrosse; Science, French, Hatik., Cur. Events Clubs; Vars. Sales; Sect. Boxball.

GOLDBERG, SIDNEY C. C. N. Y.
"He puts a watch under his pillow so he can sleep overtime."
 Lieut. T.D.; T.D. (5); Ed.-in-Chief, Assoc. Ed. Chronicle; Sec'y.-Treas. Hatik.; Fenc. Sq.; French, German, Chess & Checker Clubs.

GOLDENHEIM, LEWIS Columbia
"Goodness doesn't exist in greatness, but greatness in goodness."
 Adv. Mgr. C. & G.; French Prize; Oracle; Ed.-in-Chief Beacon; Lib. Sq. (5); Class B.B., Soccer; Prog. Mgr. Law & Deb.; French, Cur. Events, Hatik. Soc.



Seniors

GOLDENSON, LEONARD C. C. N. Y.

"Much can be said on both sides."
Class Numerals, Capt. Golf; H.G.T.; Vars. Soccer, Golf (4).

GOLDMAN, MILTON C. C. N. Y.

"It is easier to be critical than to be correct."
Art, Cur. Events Soc.; Sect. B.B., Soccer, Boxball.

GOLDSTEIN, LESTER C. C. N. Y.

"He talks, but who listens?"
Section Boxball, Soccer, Handball.

GOLDREICH, NATHANIEL C. C. N. Y.

"It isn't what a man does as what he tries to do that counts."
Arista; Class Vice-Pres. (2), Sec'y.; Assoc. Ed. C. & G.; Stadium; Class Deb.; Pub. Mgr., Sec'y. Hatik.; Pub. Mgr. Law & Deb., Eng. Lit.; Class Serv. Pin; Ed.-in-Chief Beacon; Oracle; Lib. Sq.

GOODKIND, GILBERT E. C. C. N. Y.

"Of all the arts in which the wise excel, Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."
Ed.-in-Chief, Assoc. Ed., Class Ed. Stadium, Class Ed. C. & G.; Ed.-in-Chief Handbook; Serv. Del. G. O.; T.H.H. Serv. Pin., T.D. (3), Vars. Show Tech. Staff; Lib. Sq.

GOODMAN, ALFRED Cornell

"Rock-a-bye baby—"
Bus. Bd. C. & G.; Eng. Lit., Cur. Events, Stamp & Coin Clubs, Sect. Boxball.

GOODMAN, SOLOMON C. C. N. Y.

"As a man thinks, so is he; Sol is not."
Class Soccer; Tri. B.B.; Class Entertainment; Sect. Boxball, Soccer.

GOTTLIEB, MARTIN C. C. N. Y.

"A youth after our own heart—long after."
Class Numerals; Vars., Tri. Track; Class B.B., Soccer, Assoc. Football; Spanish, Hatik.

GRADY, JOHN Annapolis

"Our future Secretary of the Navy."
Vars. Swim. (2); Frosh Swim., Sec'y.-Treas. Jr. Newman, Lact. Sq.; Span, Club.

GRAZE, GERALD C. C. N. Y.

"Sadly enough for Mr. Graze, He seems to be in a sort of daze."
Class Soccer, Swim., Chess; Cur. Events, Hatik., Chess & Checker Clubs.

GREENBAUM, JEROME Columbia

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen, The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'"
Vars. Swim. Sq.; Mgr. Alg. Team; Eng. Rep.; Math Club; Sect. Ath. Mgr.

GREENE, RAYMOND Cornell

"A 'fency' fellow."
Mgr. Fenc. (3); Vars. Fenc. (2); Block H; Class Numerals; H.F.T., Lacrosse; Eng. Rep. (3).

GREENSPAN, LEONARD C. C. N. Y.

"When found, make note of."
Vars. and Class (2) Soccer; Frosh. Swim.; German Club; Sect. B.B., Soccer.

GREENWALD, FRANK Columbia

"He's Frank, at least."
Arista; Pres., Vice-Pres. Hatik., Vice-Pres. Fine Arts (2); Stadium; Bus. Bd. C. & D.; T.D. (2); Eng. Rep.; Ed.-in-Chief Oracle, Chronicle, Fine Arts Journal; Lib. Sq. (5); German, Classical Soc.

GROSS, SEYMOUR A. Cornell

"Bigger and better than ever."
Assoc. Ed. Stadium; Stadium (2); Assoc. Ed. Handbook; Ed.-in-Chief Fine Arts Journal, Org. Bd. C. & G.; T.D.; Lib. Sq. (6); T.H.H. Serv. Pin; Classical Soc.

GROSSMAN, MILTON C. C. N. Y.

"You can never tell by the looks of the shell, what kind of egg's inside."
Class Chess, Capt. Checker; Sect. Soccer, Boxball; Cur. Events Club.

GUMPORT, STEPHEN C. C. N. Y.

"He wants to know: 'Am I right, or am I right?'"
Fenc. Sq. (2); Vars. Sales; Science, Span., Aero, Classical Soc.

GUTTMAN, SAMUEL C. C. N. Y.

"Collegiate Sam."
Tennis Sq.; German Club (4).



Seniors

HAMBERG, PHILIP

Columbia

"Necks to none."

Sec'y.-Treas. Math. Soc.; Science, German Clubs.

HARRIS, ARNOLD

Columbia

"He reminds us of Townsend—around the feet."

Eng. Rep.; Glee (2), Cur. Events, Hatik., Science Clubs; Prog. Mgr. Span. Club; Sect. Deb., Soccer, Boxball.

HECHTMAN, ELLIOTT

C. C. N. Y.

"The quiet are often mistaken for the obscure."

Sec'y. Class; Eng. Rep.; Org. Ed. C. & G.; Class Deb. (2); Oracle; Sen. Bulletin; Glee Club.

HELLINGER, MONROE B.

Dartmouth

"A friend in need is a friend indeed."

Org. Bd. C. & G.; G. O. Rep.; Vars. Show; T.D. (3); Oracle; Sec'y. Cur. Events; Dram., Fine Arts, Law & Deb., Hatik. Soc.; Class Entertainment; Capt. Sect. Deb.

HEWITT, ALAN E.

Dartmouth

"A gentleman—through and through."

Vars. Show (4); Capt., Lieut. T.D.; T.D. (4); T.H.H. Serv. Pin; Stadium; Serv. Del. G. O.; Vice-Dir. Inf. Bur. (2); Lib. Sq. (5); Pres., Pub. Mgr. Fine Arts; Fine Arts Journal; Chronicle; Ed-in-Chief Lantern; Man. Ed. Rostra; Vice-Pres. Dram.; Fine Arts (6), Dram. (2), Classical (3), Hatik. (3), Eng. Lit. (3), Glee (2) Clubs.

HIRSCH, EMANUEL

C. C. N. Y.

"He was in the Arista once—on an errand."

Vars. Lacr. (2); H.L.T.; Science, German Clubs.

HIRT, ALBERT

C. C. N. Y.

"Ouch!"

Recorder, Lieut. T.D.; T.D. (4); Fine Arts, Chess & Checker Clubs; Sect. Soccer, B. B., Boxball.

HOROWITZ, MUNROE

Pennsylvania

"100% talking."

Fenc. Sq. (2); Lacr. Sq.; Sect. Deb.; Fine Arts, Science, Aero, Eng. Lit. Soc.

HOUCK, SIDNEY

C. C. N. Y.

*"To make the world a friendly place,
One must show a friendly face."*

T.D. (3); Lib. Sq.; Vars., Frosh Swim.; Vars. Show Tech. Staff; Oracle; Cur. Events, Eng. Lit., Y.M.C.A., Classical, Fine Arts Soc.

HURWITZ, IRVING

C. C. N. Y.

"Time for a haircut—the football season's over."

Section Soccer, Boxball; Varsity Show Sales.

HURWITZ, MAX

C. C. N. Y.

"Like the Federal Reserve Bank—always ready to lend a helping hand."

T.D. (2); French, Classical, Hatik. Soc.; Sect. Deb., Boxball, Non-Ath. Mgr.

ISTORICO, ALPHONSO

C. C. N. Y.

"He keeps you in 'istericos."

Vars. Soccer, Fenc. Sq.; Italian, Cur. Events Clubs; Sect. Soccer.

JERSKEY, RALPH

C. C. N. Y.

"Speech is the noblest gift of God."

Winner C. & G. Short Story Contest; Eng. Rep.; Class Ed. C. & G.; Capt. Champ. Class Deb. (2); Sen. Bulletin; Capt. Champ. Sect. Deb.; German Club; Vars. Sales; Class Service Pin; Class Non-Athletic Manager; Captain Class Deb. (3); Chairman Reunion Com.

JERVIS, CLEMENT

C. C. N. Y.

*"Certainly, for one so small,
He plays a dandy game of ball."*

Class Soccer, Assoc. Football; Class Numerals; Tri. B.B.; Sect. B.B.; Soccer, Boxball; Y.M.C.A., Cur. Events Club.

KATZ, SIDNEY

C. C. N. Y.

"He's the cats."

Class B.B., Soccer, Assoc. Football; German, Classical, Fine Arts Soc.; Sect. B.B., Boxball.

KAUFMAN, MAURICE

C. C. N. Y.

"Just an atom."

Vice-Pres., Pub. Mgr. Science; Math Soc.; Alg. Sq.; Classical, Aero Clubs.

KAUFMANN, HAROLD

C. C. N. Y.

"Ain't it a grand and glortous feelin'?"

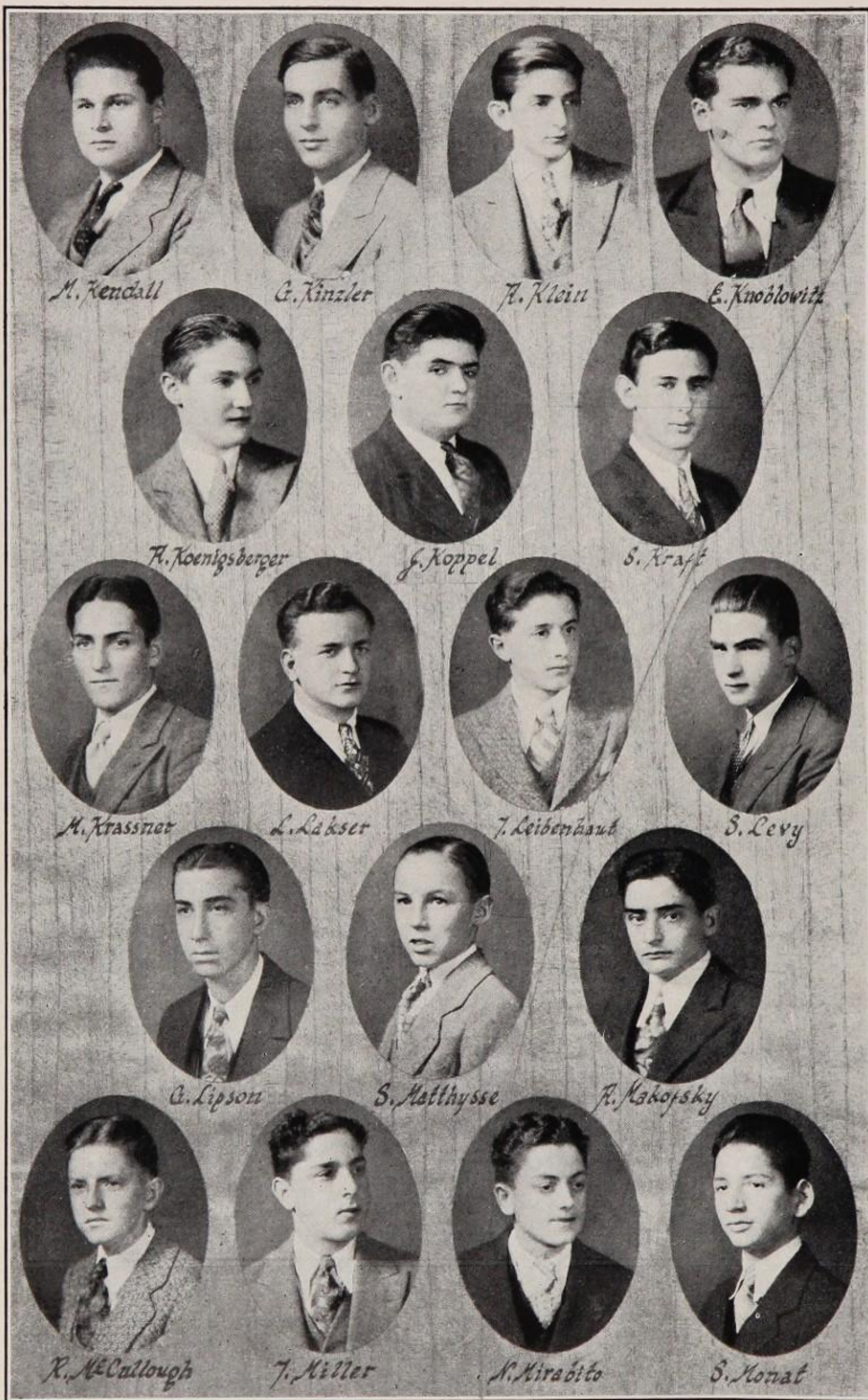
Alg. Sq.; Bus. Mgr. Der Beobachter; German, French, Science, Math. Clubs.

KEIL, HOWARD

C. C. N. Y.

*"A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the best of men."*

Vars. Chess, Lacr.; Champ. Sect. Deb.; Hatik., French, German, Aero, Cur. Events, Chess & Checker Clubs.



Seniors

KENDALL, MILTON M. Columbia

"A snappy lad—Photographic Editor."

Photo. Ed. C. & G.; Eng. Rep.; Sect. Paper (3); Sect. Soccer; German, Fine Arts Soc.

KINZLER, GEORGE Columbia

"He has more curves than Clara Bow, but she has more control."

Class Numerals; Vars. Tennis Sq.; Tri. B.B.; Class B.B., Soccer, Assoc. Football; Cur. Events, German Clubs; Inf. Bur.; Vars. Sales.

KLEIN, ALFRED C. C. N. Y.

*"Charge on, my gallant steed,
For this one more ten I need."*

Tri. B.B.; Sect. B.B., Soccer, Boxball; Cur. Events, French Clubs.

KNOBLOWITZ, EMANUEL C. C. N. Y.

*"Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose."*

Leader Arista; Pres. Class (2); Art. Ed. C. & G.; T.H.H. Serv. Pin; Class Serv. Pin; G. O. Rep.; Eng. Rep. (3); Art Staff C. & G. (2); Art. Ed. Class Paper, Lantern; Art Dir. Vars. Show; Chmn. Commenc. Com.; Class Entertainment (2); Capt. Class Deb.; Class Deb.; Class Non-Ath. Mgr.; Vars. (2), Tri. Track; Tri. B.B.; Mgr. Class Deb.; Class Numerals; Pres. Art Soc. (2); German Club (4).

KOENIGSBERGER, ALAN C. C. N. Y.

"No knocks for him—he uses 3-in-1 oil."

Capt. Sect. Deb.; Sect. Boxball, Soccer (3).

KOPPEL, JOSEPH C. C. N. Y.

"One good ton deserves another."

Math., Stamp & Coin, Cur. Events Clubs.

KRAFT, SIDNEY C. C. N. Y.

"Not a cheesy fellow at all."

Eng. Rep.; Vars Sales; Sect. Soccer; Exam. Recorder.

KRASSNER, MATTHEW H. C. C. N. Y.

"He needs no eulogy—he speaks for himself."

Ass't. Bus. Mgr. C. & G.; Vars. Soccer, B.B., Track (2); Eng. Rep.; Swim Sq.; Class Numerals; Class Entertainment; Oracle; Class Soccer, B.B., Swim.; Class Ath. Mgr.; Sect. Boxball, Soccer, B.B.

LAKSER, LEO C. C. N. Y.

"The candy kid—he keeps out of jams."

Ed-in-Chief Dramatist; Cur. Events, Eng. Lit., Dram. Soc.; Sect. Boxball, B.B.

LEIBENHAUT, ISIDORE C. C. N. Y.

"He thinks a track meet is a railroad junction."

Hatik., French, Math. Soc.; Sect. Boxball.

LEVY, SAUL Columbia

"A fine boy, that's aul."

Arista; Ass't Bus. Mgr. C. & G.; Capt. T.D.; T.D. (6); Class Serv. Pin; Eng. Rep.; Champ. Class Deb.; Oracle; Class Entertainment; Inf. Bur.; Hatik. Soc.; Vars. Sales; Capt. Sect. Deb.

LIPSON, GEORGE C. C. N. Y.

"He loves Saul's handwriting—it's so easy to copy his homework."

Hatikvah Society; Sect. Boxball, Soccer.

MATTHYSSE, STANLEY C. C. N. Y.

"Just another atom."

Pres., Vice-Pres. Science; Pres. Math Club; Alg. Sq.; Stamp & Coin, Aero, Glee Clubs.

MAKOFSKY, ABRAHAM C. C. N. Y.

"How did the Irish get into his name?"

Class Numerals; Vars. Track; Class B.B.; Track; Sect. Boxball, B.B., Soccer; German Club.

MCCULLOUGH, RAYMOND C. C. N. Y.

*"Too good to be true,
But true enough to be good."*

Cur. Events, Jr. Newman, Aero Clubs; Sect. Boxball, Soccer.

MILLER, ISIDORE I. C. C. N. Y.

"He may be a Miller, but he doesn't like to grind."

Swim Sq.; Hatik., Chess & Checker, Science Clubs.

MIRABITO, NICHOLAS C. C. N. Y.

"The squirrels chase him in the park."

Sec'y.-Treas. Italian; Pub. Mgr. Y.M.C.A.; Jr. Newman Soc.

MONAT, SEYMOUR C. C. N. Y.

"Moe Gnat."

Fine Arts, Science, Law & Deb. Soc.



Seniors

NERKEN, NATHANIEL C. C. N. Y.

*"He seldom makes a single sound;
Just seems to study all year round."*

Lieut. T.D.; T.D. (4); Vars. Show; Class Deb. (2); German Club.

NEUBERGER, HERMAN N. Y. U.

"Talking is his long suit, and what a size he takes!"

Tri. B.B.; Sect. Boxball, B.B., Soccer; Span., Science Clubs.

NULLE, J. HOWARD C. C. N. Y.

*"A gentleman will not insult me;
No other man can."*

Frosh Swim.; Pres., Vice-Pres., Pub. Mgr. Y.M.C.A.; Pub. Mgr. Italian; Math, Science Clubs.

OZER, CHARLES C. C. N. Y.

*"He spends his time on soccer and studies;
He's a good soccer player."*

Vars. Soccer (3); H.A.F. (2); Hatik., German Clubs.

PERLMAN, LOUIS C. C. N. Y.

"The steam that blows the whistle never turns the wheel."

Soccer, Lacr. Sq.; Hatik., German, Classical Soc.

PICKER, ARNOLD Syracuse

"Why pick on Picker?"

Vice-Pres., Pub. Mgr. Span. Club; Vars. Swim. Sq.; Vars. Sales.

PIKE, BURTON C. C. N. Y.

"He's not so fishy."

H.T.T.; Ass't. Track Mgr.; Aero, Science, Hatik. Soc.

REED, J. HOMER C. C. N. Y.

"The last straw."

Y.M.C.A.; Classical, Science, Stamp & Coin, Aero Clubs.

ROBINSON, RICHARD Princeton

"He has an unlimited vocabulary that excludes but one word—work."

Arista; Ath. Del. G. O.; Chmn. Ath. Com.; Dir. Inf. Bur.; Eng. Rep. (2); Class Swim. (2); Fenc., Golf, Lib. Sq.

ROSEN, ABBOT Yale

"Meet the printing squad—he's of the small type."

Assoc. Ed. Stadium; Stadium (2); Assoc. Ed. Handbook; Eng. Rep.; Fenc. Sq.; Hatik. Soc.; Vars. Sales.

ROSENBLOOM, LEONARD Columbia

"The kind of a fellow that orders 'cafe au lait' with milk."

T.D. (3); Frosh Swim.; Law & Deb., Span., Cur. Events Clubs.

ROSENHOCK, ARTHUR C. C. N. Y.

"Poor chap—even a rose in hock."

T.D. (3); Alg. Sq.; German, Eng. Lit., Hatik., Math., Chess & Checker Clubs.

ROSENSTEIN, ARTHUR C. C. N. Y.

"The stock market voice—high and low."

Section Soccer, Boxball; Varsity Show Sales.

ROSENTHAL, IRVING C. C. N. Y.

"An honest man is the noblest work of God."

Sec'y. Class (3); Treas. Class (2); Eng. Rep.; Class Serv. Pin; T.D.; Oracle (2); Chmn. Pin Com.; Banquet Com.

ROTHLEIN, MARVIN Harvard

"A Harriste? Ah, sweet mystery of life."

Swim. Sq. (3); Lib. Sq. (6); Frosh Swim.; Law & Deb., Fine Arts, Hatik., Classical Soc.

RUSSO, STANLEY Columbia

*"When every one of us has died,
And to Olympus we are bled,
Amidst the gods who there abide,
He is certain to preside."*

Pres. (2), Vice-Pres., Treas. Class; Chief T.D.; Eng. Rep.; Bus. Mgr. Stadium; Ass't. Bus. Mgr. C. & G.; T.H.H. Serv. Pin; Class Serv. Pin; Lieut. T.D.; T.D. (6); Swim. (3); Frosh Swim.; Fenc. Sq. (2); Chmn. Dance Com.; Banquet Com.; Inf. Bur.; Vars. Sales; Oracle; Jr. Newman, Italian; Tri. Swim.

SAKELL, GEORGE C. C. N. Y.

*"'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius: we'll deserve it.'"*

Y.M.C.A.; German Club.

SANDBERG, MILTON C. C. N. Y.

"When the fire bell rings, he runs home for the insurance papers."

Ed-in-Chief Scientist; Capt. Sect. Deb.; Chronicle; Science, Law & Deb. Clubs; Fenc. Sq.; Vars. Sales.



Seniors

SAPURSTEIN, SIDNEY C. C. N. Y.

"His train of thought was just an empty freight."

German, Cur. Events, Fine Arts Soc.; C. & G. Sales; Sect. Boxball.

SCHIFF, WILLIAM Columbia

"Self-contentment is the first step toward happiness."

Eng. Rep.; German, Chess & Checker, Aero Clubs; Sect. Boxball.

SCHNITT, SIDNEY C. C. N. Y.

"He's not as dumb as he looks—he couldn't be."

T.D. (3); Sec'y. Science; Math., Fine Arts Soc.; Sect. Deb., Boxball, Soccer.

SHWARTZBERG, BERNARD C. C. N. Y.

"He was wise; Harris made him otherwise."

Lieut. T.D.; T.D. (5); Capt. Sect. Deb.; Chess & Checker, Glee Clubs; Exam. Recorder.

SELKOWITZ, GERSON Columbia

*"In alibis—a schemer;
In Latin class—a dreamer."*

Adv. Mgr. C. & G.; Frosh Swim.; Fenc. Sq.; T.D.; Vars. Sales; Oracle Bus. Bd.; Inf. Bur.; Hatik, Aero, Glee, French, Cur. Events Clubs.

SENFT, SHELDON C. C. N. Y.

"Like a touchdown—the result of continuous gaining."

Vice-Pres. German; German (4); Assoc. Ed. Der Beobachter.

SHAPIRO, EUGENE C. C. N. Y.

*"As a freshman, ambitious and young;
As a senior, old and unsung."*

Treas. Class B.B.; Sect. Soccer, Boxball, B.B.

SHAPIRO, FRANK C. C. N. Y.

*"True, the best of friends must part,
But Frank will never leave his Art."*

Art Staff C. & G.; Vice-Pres. Art. Soc.; Tennis Sq.; Art Soc. (2); Cheering Sq.; Sect. Boxball, B.B.

SILVERMAN, JOSEPH C. C. N. Y.

"I didn't hear the question sir, but I know the answer."

Classical, Chess & Checker, Hatik., Stamp & Coin Clubs; Sect. Boxball, Soccer.

SILVERSTEIN, ARNOLD C. C. N. Y.

"All he spends is time."

Vice-Pres. Orchestra; Orchestra (4); Class Entertainment; Sect. Soccer, Boxball.

SIM, ALAN C. C. N. Y.

"Like every normal fish, he has water on the brain."

Frosh Swim.; Track Sq.; Y.M.C.A.; Science Club.

SOMBERG, NATHAN N. Y. U.

"Sady Nomberg."

Vice-Pres. Class (2); Track Team.

SPITZ, ALVIN C. C. N. Y.

"But really he doesn't."

Champ. Class Deb.; Lib. Sq. (5); Sec'y.-Treas. Chess & Checker; Vars., Class Chess; Span., Fine Arts Soc.; Class Service Pin.

STEIG, ARTHUR C. C. N. Y.

"You can kid gloves and string beans, but I'll be hanged if you pickle me."

G. O. Rep. (3); Ass't. Sec'y. G. O.; Capt. Class Deb.; Class Serv. Pin; Eng. Rep.; Vars., Tri., Class Swim.; Italian Club.

STEIN, DAVID C. C. N. Y.

*"A golden future for you we foretell;
In your own quiet way you have served Harris well."*

Treas. Arista; Sec'y., Treas. Class; Class Serv. Pin; Class Bd. C. & G.; Eng. Rep.; Class Deb.; Non-Ath. Mgr. Class (2); Oracle; Sen. Bulletin; Sect. Hand-Tennis, Deb.

STEINBERG, HERMAN C. C. N. Y.

"We wouldn't care to meet him on a dark night; look at those clubs."

Hatik., Span., French, Fine Arts, Aero, Eng. Lit., Glee Clubs; Fenc. Sq.; Sect. Deb.

STERN, MORTON N. Y. U.

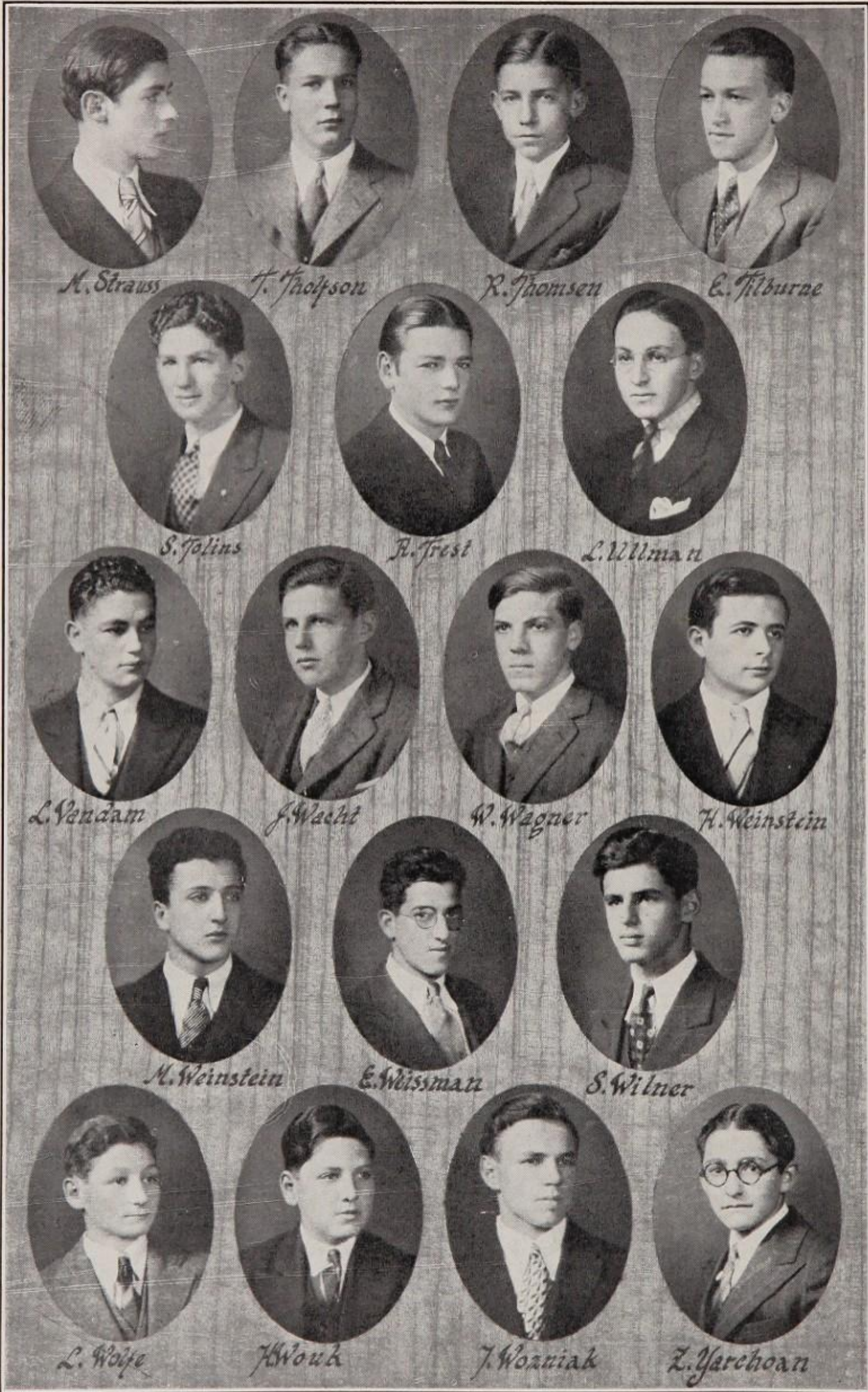
"Nothing like his name at all."

Eng. Rep.; Class Deb.; Class Serv. Pin; Pres. German; Assoc. Ed. Der Beobachter; T.D. (2).

STONE, LEONARD C. C. N. Y.

"He kicks both on and off the soccer field."

Vars. Soccer; Class Assoc. Football; T.D. (2); Sect. Boxball, Soccer, B.B.



Seniors

STRAUSS, MAURICE C. C. N. Y.

*"If there were woman teachers in Harris,
we'd know why he stayed so long."*

Tri., Class B.B.; T.D.; Lib. Sq.; Cur. Events,
Aero, Fine Arts, Italian, Stamp & Coin Clubs;
Sect. Soccer, Boxball.

THOLFSEN, THEODORE C. C. N. Y.

*"They never taste who always drink;
They always talk who never think."*

Lacr. Team; Sect. Deb., Boxball; French,
Y.M.C.A., Span., Science, Eng. Lit. Soc.

THOMSON, ROBERT C. C. N. Y.

*"He says that of two evils we should choose
the prettier."*

Span., Science Clubs; Sect. Boxball, B.B.

TILBURNE, EDWARD Annapolis

"Foiled again."

Vars. Fenc. (3); Fenc. Sq.; H.F.T.

TOLINS, STEPHEN Cornell

*"From day to day he's like the sun,
The friend of all, the foe of none."*

Arista; Adv. Mgr. Stadium; Bus. Bd. C. & G.;
Vars. Show; Vars. Lacr. (2); H.L.T.; Vars.
Swim. (2); Class Chess, Swim., Entertainment
(3); Vars. Show Sales.

TREST, ALEXANDER C. C. N. Y.

"He's like a brook—always running."

Capt. Lacr.; Vars. Track; T.D. (2); Tri. Soc-
cer; Sect. Boxball, Soccer; Pub. Mgr. Science;
Glee, French, Aero Clubs.

ULLMAN, LEWIS C. C. N. Y.

"The All-American back—way back."

Sec'y. German; Assoc. Ed. Der Beobachter;
Class Deb.; Fine Arts Journal; French; Classi-
cal, Fine Arts, German Clubs.

VANDAM, LEROY Columbia

*"At present, wedded to his Art;
We can see an early divorce."*

Art Staff C. & G.; Sec'y.-Treas. Art Soc.;
Vars. Track; H.T.T.; Eng. Rep. (2); Pub.
Mgr. German Club; Vars. Sales.

WACHT, JULES Columbia

*"He likes new things; he won't even have
a second band on his wrist watch."*

Vars. Show; Eng. Rep.; Frosh, Class Swim.;
Golf, B.B. Sq.; Hatik., Stamp & Coin Clubs.

WAGNER, WILLIAM Haverford

"His brain is quicker than his tongue."

Sect. Soccer, Handball, Boxball; Chess &
Checker, French, Jr. Newman Clubs.

WEINSTEIN, HAROLD A. C. C. N. Y.

*"The heart to conceive, the understanding to
direct, and the ability to execute."*

Arista; Ed.-in-Chief C. & G.; Pres. Class;
Vars. Track (2); Ed.-in-Chief, Man. Ed.,
Sports Ed. (2) Oracle; Ed.-in-Chief Sen.
Bulletin; Tri. Ath. Mgr.; Class Ath. Mgr.
(4); Frosh Track Capt; Tri. B.B.; Class Soc-
cer; Class Serv. Pin and Numerals; Mgr. Class
Ballot Elections; Mgr. U. C. Vars. Show
Night; Mgr. Class Deb.; Class Deb. (2);
T.D. (2); T.H.H. Service Pin.

WEINSTEIN, MAX C. C. N. Y.

"Not to be confused with Harold."

Class Soccer; Sect. Boxball, Soccer; Hatik.,
Cur. Events Clubs.

WEISSMAN, EUGENE C. C. N. Y.

"Shoot him! He's a bum-runner."

Vars. Track (2); H.T.T. (2); Fenc. Sq. (2);
Class Swim.; Tri. B.B.; Italian, French, Glee
Clubs.

WILNER, SOL C. C. N. Y.

"We wil ner say a thing."

Tri., Class B.B.; Sect. Soccer, Boxball, B.B.

WOLFE, LUCIUS Columbia

"The world's tamest."

Track Team; Fenc. Sq.; Sect. Boxball, Soccer;
Fine Arts, Cur. Events, Science Clubs.

WOUK, HERMAN C. C. N. Y.

*"A man of words and not of deeds
Is like a garden full of weeds."*

Class Entertainment (2); Sect. Deb. (5); Sect.
Paper (2); Fine Arts Journal; Hatikvah
Chronicle; Chess & Checker Pawnshop; Hatik-
vah, Eng. Lit.; Chess & Checker, Law & Deb.
Clubs.

WOZNIAK, THEODORE C. C. N. Y.

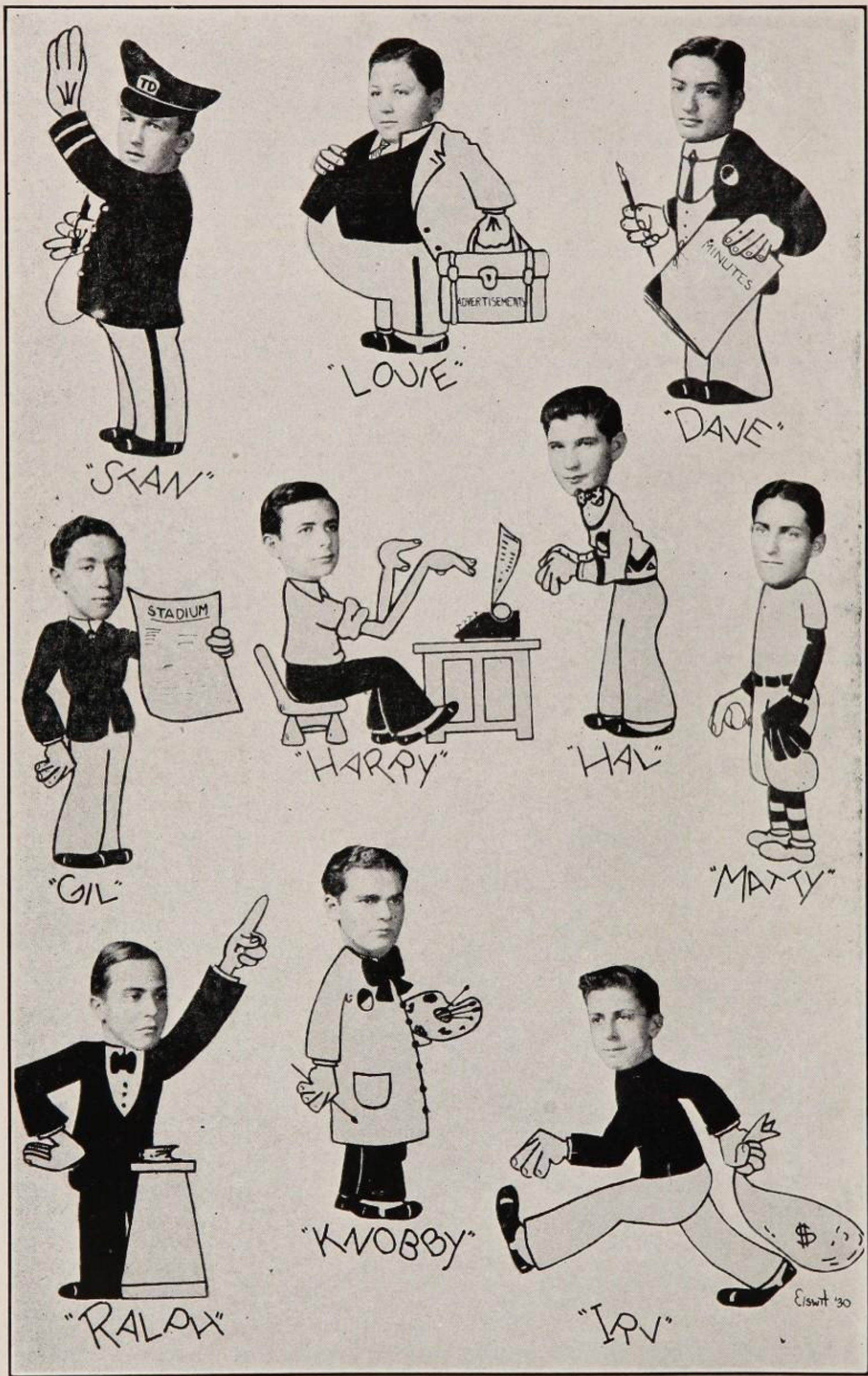
*"I could on either side dispute;
Confute, change hands, and then refute."*

Capt. Vars. Lacr.; H.L.T.; Block H; Class
Soccer; Chess & Checker, Classical Soc.

YARCHOAN, ZACHARY C. C. N. Y.

*"His glasses give him a studious look,
But does he ever open a book?"*

Vars. Track; Class B.B., Soccer, Assoc. Foot-
ball; Class Numerals, Entertainment; German
Club.



"STAN"

"LOUIE"

"DAVE"

"GIL"

"HARRY"

"HAL"

"MATTY"

"RALPH"

"KNOBBY"

"IRV"

Eiswit '30

Station WTHH

NEW YORK CITY

(Broadcasting Senior Concensus of Opinion)

Seniors who did most for class	E. Knoblowitz & H. Weinstein
Seniors who did most for Harris	E. Knoblowitz & H. Weinstein
Most respected seniors	S. Russo and E. Knoblowitz
Most ambitious seniors	N. Goldreich & L. Friedman
Most popular senior	S. Russo
Most popular instructor	Mr. Dyer
Handsomest senior	S. Russo
Handsomest instructor	Mr. Flynn
Most likely to succeed	H. Weinstein
Most modest senior	D. Stein
Best scholar	H. Friedman
Class sheik	S. Russo
Most literary senior	R. Jerskey
Class athlete	M. Krassner
Most eccentric	I. Hurwitz
Class pest	M. Glassman
Class infant	S. Matthyse
Class Scotchman	I. Hurwitz
Most liked subject	English
Least liked subject	Mathematics
Would you send your son to Harris?	No!
Favorite college	C. C. N. Y.
Favorite show	"The Whole Town's Talking"
Favorite newspaper	"N. Y. Evening World"
Are you in favor of a class reunion?	Yes





Seven Shot in
a Crap Game
Story on Page 6

T H E
Daily Shriek

Reg. in U. S. Patent Office

Lifebuoy Sinks
in Atlantic
Story on Page 19

Vol. 16 No. 29473 Feb. 31, 1929; Faraway, New York Two Kopecs—Pay no Four

INSURGENTS TRIUMPH!

COMMODORE DRYB RETURNS

(Special despatch to The Daily Shriek)

Com. Richard E. Dryb, famous explorer and graduate of Townsend Harris Hall High School, returned from the Antarctic yesterday. His good ship, the "Hole in One," was thoroughly coated with a mixture of snow, ice, and herring scales. Com. Dryb was not able to speak to our special reporter because he had lost his teeth in an Antarctic blizzard. However, Charley Svensson, his first mate, related some of the events of the expedition to the land of ice.

The expedition has brought some interesting specimens from the South, among which are the bones of two Chinamen lost in the Antarctic in 1894, a doorknob from the igloo of an Antarctic Eskimo, a wooden leg belonging to a Swede who lost it in 1914.

The Eskimos were extremely friendly and presented Com. Dryb with a box of sacred petrified matzohs from the Yom Kippur of 1913.

The prize possession of Dryb's crew is a pair of Eskimo roller skates which had been exchanged for a new Ginsberg derby hat.

(Ed. Note—For further news read tomorrow's Purple and Final editions of The Daily Shriek. As Com. Dryb will probably have a new set of false teeth by then, we shall be able to get the story from his own lips.)

XYSPAYSKICAHASHKOV, Hangrarica. — According to a special despatch received by The Daily Shriek, the rebels have gained the upper hand in Hangrarica after a fierce battle on the banks of the Volgahultz. The casualties are listed as follows:

1. Capture of 2 air rifles and one peashooter by rebels.
2. Killing of three chickens by Federal troops who mistook them for rebels.
3. Drowning of one Federal soldier when his waterwings were punctured by insurgent buckshot.
4. Capture of one pushcart of bananas and 3 old shoes by rebellious troops.

INSURGENT CHIEF REVEALS CONFIDENCE

XYSPAYSKICAHASHKOV, Hangrarica.—In a special interview with General Schmoltz, The Daily Shriek was able to ascertain the great commander's view of the war now being waged in Hangrarica. The following is his outlook.

"I vas teenking dees war she gonna be ovar soon, no? Alretty dot yellow dog General Minsk haf run away mit my vife. Soom day I gon' brek hees teet'. Dot's all. Goombye."

(Ed. Note—The Daily Shriek is on the spot in Hangrarica, covering the rebellion from every angle. See tomorrow's Purple and other editions of The Daily Shriek for latest developments.)

THE DAILY SHRIEK

Vol. 16 No. 29473 Feb. 31, 1929

Published daily except Sunday in
the interests of the Editor-in-Chief*Editor-in-Chief*

MEHUYA X. YIBROS

Managing Editor

CHAYIM KATCHKOVITZ

Associate Editors

GRUPSKI PICTUROFF ITZIK SCHMERYL

Editorial Board

YEHUDA MALUCHIM

NACHMAN SCHMALTZ

SHULIM ALEYCHEM

YENTA SHPRINGENFAL

MENDEL GERMANOVICH

IKO HAKINKOP

*Business Board**Manager* Z. XERXES YARCHOAN*Assistant* BENNY LUDOVITCH*Circulation* IGGY SPRINGFEVER**EDITORIALS****WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME**

WHY do girls leave home? You can never guess in a million years, so I'm gonna tell you. GIRLS LEAVE HOME BECAUSE—BECAUSE—WELL BECAUSE THEY GOTTA GO TO THE STORE! I useta know a man which owned a store. He told me that everybody had to leave home to come to him. Of course, some people called him up by the phone, and they didn't have to leave home. I know. I gotta telephone.

Thus, readers, it is easy to see that only a citizen is entitled to peddle booze on the sly. I know. I'm a citizen.

THE HIGH COST OF EGGS

CONDITIONS are terrible. Everybody has fallen arches and bunions. Chickens are laying high-priced eggs. Why does a chicken lay eggs anyhow? Why

does grapefruit squirt in your eye? Why don't my car do twenty miles on the gallon as advertised? I'll tell you why. It's because capitalists are killing the poor working man.

No more do American mothers cook pea soup. Everybody eats salami and wursht. And what are the capitalists doing? They are feeding the chickens gold dust so as to make them lay expensive eggs! They have cut off half an inch from every stick of chewing gum in the country!

And now, to add to their outrages, they have begun to peddle booze. Think of our brother bootleggers, citizens. But they can't deprive us of our rights, and we shall fight them to the bitter end!

LONELY HEARTS

Conducted by Ima Whale

Dear Ima:—I am 20 years old and have 2 gold teeth. I am in love with a man with a wooden leg. What shall I do?—M. B.

Dear M. B.—I never loved anyone with a wooden leg, so don't take this to heart. However, if you love him, marry him. Just think, instead of wearing garters, he can thumbtack his socks on. How wonderful!

Dear Ima:—I am 44 and have a wart on my nose. My father and mother died after I was born at the age of thirty years. As a result, I am an orphan. I would like to meet a girl with a wart on her chin.—Jack Tam.

Dear Jack:—My heart has gone out to you. I will give you my address so you can send it back. I have just the girl for you. If you really wish to meet her, write me for her address.

HEIGH HO, EVERYBODY, HEIGH HO

Rumor has it that Knoblowitz will get a contract with the S. Smelt Herring Co. The Smelt Herring Co. plans to adorn its famous "September Morn Brand" herring with a picture of Knoblowitz's fair face and figure. This will, no doubt, aid in the sales of the aforementioned product.

* * *

Our joy knew no bounds when we heard that at last Harold Weinstein has achieved his ambition. He has become a famous editor. His latest publication can be procured in all department stores, including the College Co-op. It is called "Latest Fashions," and contains a swell pattern for making a hand crocheted and embroidered cretonne bathtub faucet cover. This copy also contains a sure remedy for hair on the Adam's apple. A recipe for minceless mince pie and a short story by Weinstein himself entitled, "How to Cure Lovesickness," complete the issue.

* * *

Goldreich has gone to the North with the Commodores Byrd and Whiskers Expedition. Some blankety blank ?\$!@- stole the fog siren, without which the ship is helpless. Goldreich, without the slightest regard for the dangers involved, cheerfully volunteered his services. At a special test last Friday it was discovered that he blows his nose in a perfect A flat. No other recommendation was needed and Goldreich got the job of fog siren for the duration of the expedition.

* * *

Hal Friedman has recently returned from the Preserved Officers Training Cramps, where he spent a most enjoyable month. He encountered various thrilling

adventures there. His most exciting adventure occurred in his own tent. While Hal was sleeping, his tentmate's false teeth, which are generally hung up at night to dry, mysteriously fell and clamped upon Harold's nose. Hal immediately arose and, with a cry of "God save the King!", wrenched the molars from his proboscis and hurled them into the night. To Hal's dismay, the aforementioned masticators flew into the colonel's tent. A roar of rage soon followed. Hal now sports a wooden leg, a cork arm, a weak mind, and a glass eye.

* * *

Russo and Rosenthal, the great scientists, have collaborated in producing one of the greatest discoveries of the age! Children cry for it! Adults sigh for it! What is it?

These two genii, after devoting years to their task, have produced the R & R Musical Spoon. No more will unpleasant sounds strike your ears when you enter a restaurant. Now soup can be eaten to the soft tunes of "The Pagan Love Song" or "Sonny Boy." In a recent test, Russo devoured a plate of noodle soup to the resounding tune of "When You and I Were Young, Maggie."

* * *

The engaging Mr. Louis L. Friedman has chosen the career of an actor for his profession. At present, he is working for the R. O. T. Studios. In the new version of "Ben Hur" he very ably played the mob scene and Ben's chariot horse (the white one). In "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" he played the part of the bearskin rug in front of the fireplace. At this writing, he is being cast as a whale in that mammoth production, "Down to the Sea in Dips."

TODAY'S TRUE STORY

THE TIMID STENO.

"Now, Miss Blogg," boomed Jasper M. Whurtle, president of the Whurtle Whirlwind Laundry Co., to his new stenographer, "I want you to understand that when I dictate a letter, I want it written as dictated, and not as you think it should be. Understand?"

"Yes, sir!" said Miss Blogg, meekly.

"All right—take a letter."

The next morning O. J. Squizz, of the Squizz Flexible Soap Company, received the following communication:

"Mr. O. K. or A. or J....something....look it up....Squizz.

President, Squizz....what a name....Flexible Soap Company....the gyps!

Detroit....that's in Michigan, isn't it?

"Dear Mr. Squizz, hmmm:

"You're a h—— of a business man. No. Start over again. He's a crook; but I can't insult him or the bum'll sue me. The last shipment of soap you sent us was of inferior quality, and I want you to understand....no, scratch out I want you understand. Ah, unless you can ship, furnish, ship....no....furnish us with your regular soap, you needn't ship us any more period or whatever the grammar is....and please pull down your skirt. This d—— cigar is out again....pardon me...and, furthermore, where was I? Nice bob you have.

"Paragraph. The soap you sent us wasn't fit to wash the dishes....no, make that dog with a comma....let alone the laundry comma....and we're sending it back....period.

POETS' CORNER

Four and twenty Yankees,
Feeling rather dry,
Made a trip to Canada
To get a jug of rye.
When the rye was opened
The Yanks began to sing:
"Who the Hell is Hoover?
God Save the King!"

MOON

Moon, moon, moon
With a face like a proone;
Your dome is bare;
Where is your hair?
You're a stupid olde sap,
But I bet you don't give a rap,
'Cause no matter how I yoodle,
It can't penetrate your noodle.
—Bill Shakespeare

TASTY RECIPES

By Dorothy Slob

ONION SHTRUDEL

1. 6 skinned onions.
2. 2 herrings, chopped fine.
3. 5 matzohs, chopped fine.
4. 1 dozen eggs with shells off.
5. 1 tub of butter.
6. 2 hatsful of flour (derby hat to be used.)

Place in oven and let bake for half an hour. Then take it out and let it take a rest. Place in oven again after ten minutes. Let bake until kitchen smells like chewing tobacco. Shtrudel is now finished. Place two chicken feathers on top and serve on toast.

"Read that over. No, never mind. I won't waste any more time on that egg. I'll look at the carbon tomorrow. Sign my name. We must go out to lunch soon, eh?

"Yours truly,
Jasper M. Whurtle"

Classes

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Classes

ONE of the distinctive features of which Townsend Harris Hall may well be proud is its policy of organizing the six classes into strong co-operating bodies. This not only combats all tendencies toward gregariousness, but also fosters a spirit of loyal self-government and class individuality, with its accompanying wealth of experience in trials and triumphs.

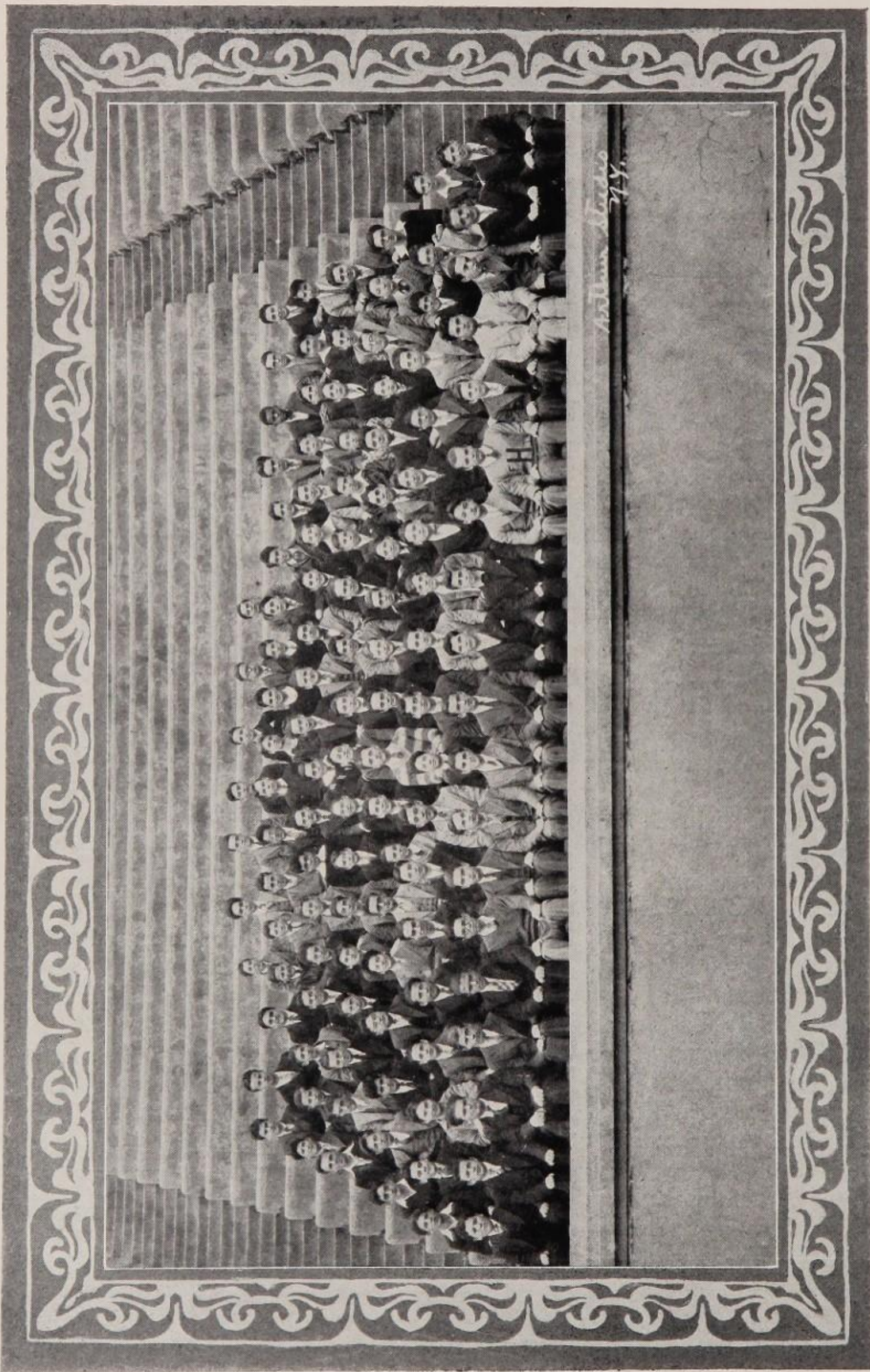
The vital factor of class organization is the council, composed of the four parliamentary officers, a delegate to the G. O. Council, and several other students, representing the English sections of the grade. All of these are elected in a most democratic fashion at the beginning of each semester. It is the class council, cradle of so many political and legislative aspirations, guided by the faculty adviser, who contributes that bit of adult advice and encouragement which is so essential to all of youth's undertakings, which manages the successful performance of those outstanding functions set by precedent for each semester of a class's career in Harris. This is accomplished in the fashion of a miniature congress, even to the creation of a constitution to guide the class through its activities, and to the collection of semi-annual dues to make these same activities possible.

The career of classes in Townsend Harris Hall is guided by two important influences: precedent and the G. O. Precedent, the more important of these, has divided the social life of the school into definite groups, which have been apportioned according to importance and intricacy among the six classes.

In Lower C, the most down-trodden of students draw up a constitution and select their class colors. In Upper C, the self-satisfied upper freshmen wax enthusiastic over the Rally, while the harried Lower B's nervously make out "Arista averages," and bolster the Triangle's teams. Upper B brings with it a Rally, gigantic in comparison with the amateurish first affair. The class Banquet looms up large in the eyes of excited Lower A's; complacent seniors control the Crimson and Gold, "trip the light fantastic" at the Senior dance, and close their high-school careers with a dramatic commencement.

Then follow the semester tournaments; also important are the various class publications, which not only offer excellent experience in journalism, but also add to class rivalry the struggle to gain the distinction of being the best in the Hall.

And so, we seniors proudly present to you the portraits and records of ourselves and our mutual comrades whom we leave behind to carry on the traditions of Alma Mater, all of whom proudly yet sadly will leave Harris, even as we do, with not only the best of scholastic instruction eagerly absorbed, but also with a wealth of pleasant experiences and memories, obtained in the gaining of a well earned success, in the face of all opposition, to carry on through life.



Upper A

THREE years of arduous study and exhilarating experiences have finally passed, and for the last time the Class of January 1930 gathers in Lewisohn Stadium to be photographed. With a deep and justifiably natural satisfaction in having satisfied the exacting demands of the notorious Harris curriculum, and in having completed a record of achievements of which it may well be proud, there is mingled in every heart in the Senior Class an irrepressible feeling of regret in leaving the scene of so many notable contacts and endeavors.

Since that memorable day in February, 1927 when first they entered our school, a timid group of "Freshies," the present Senior Class has constantly distinguished itself in every field of extra-curricular activity. Many beneficial changes and innovations in the social life of Harris have been the results of the efforts of the members of this class.

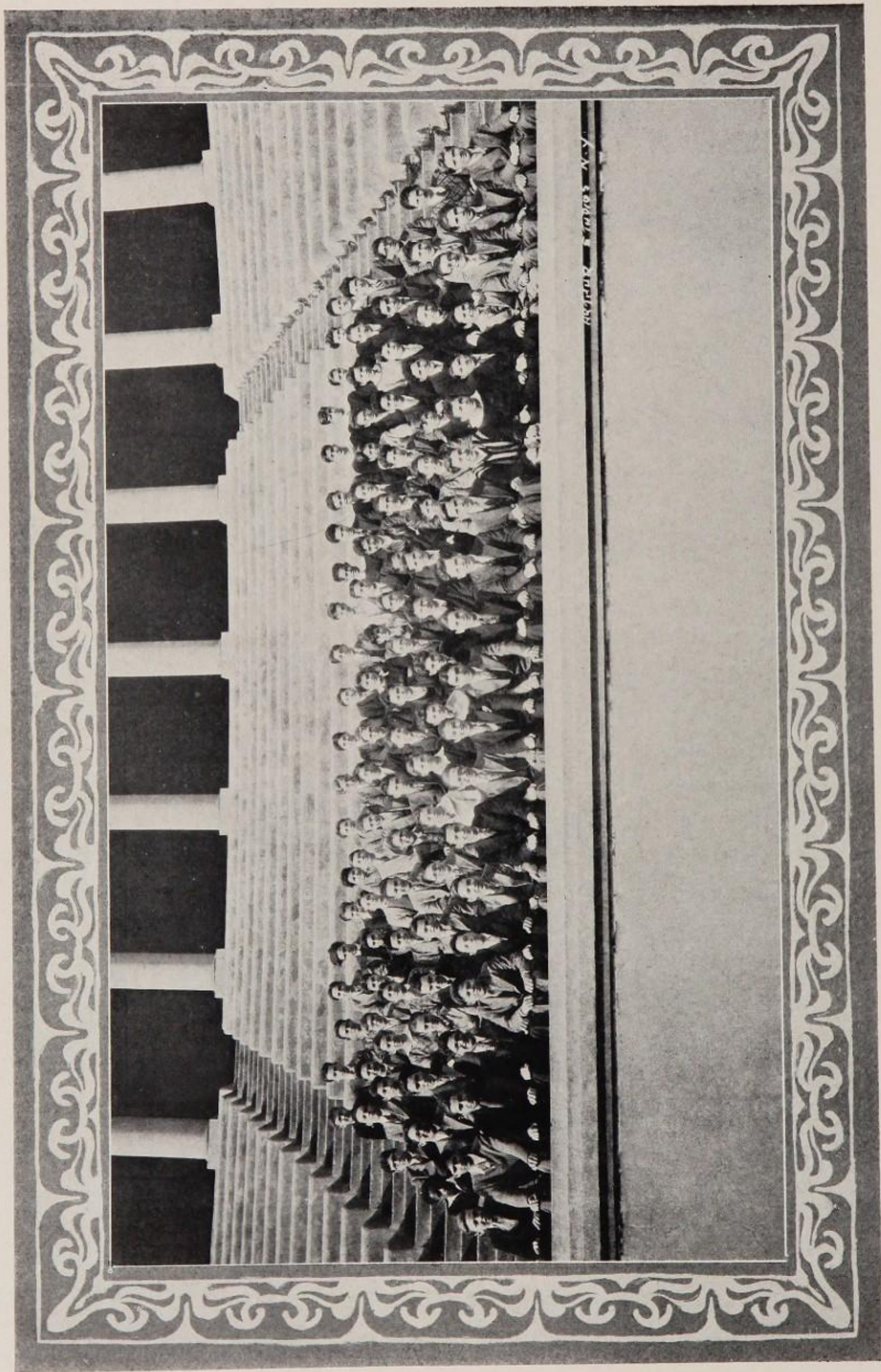
The senior term of the class was replete with the same enthusiasm which has resulted in so many notable achievements in the past. A spirited, efficient Council performed its duties admirably. Under the able guidance of Harold Weinstein, editor-in-chief of the class publication in past terms, the splendid volume before you was created, adding greatly to the glory of the class. Due to the untiring efforts of President Russo and Raymond Greene, the Senior Dance was successfully held at the Hotel McAlpin on Dec. 30, despite innumerable obstacles. A beautiful, impressive graduation was arranged by the Commencement Committee with the invaluable aid of Mr. James E. Flynn. Another faculty member who rendered timely assistance was Dr. Canfield, class adviser.

The class holds the unique distinction of having won, for the second time, the school championship in debating, in which a successful intra-class tournament was conducted. To Captain Jerskey and to his equally deserving colleagues, Goldreich and Spitz, the honor is due.

It is no unusual coincidence that the foremost men in the class constituted its Senior Council; and they will always be remembered for having piloted their classmates not only through the senior term, but also through all other terms. Their names follow:

STANLEY RUSSO	President
NATHANIEL GOLDREICH	Vice-President
DAVID STEIN	Secretary
IRVING ROSENTHAL	Treasurer
MONROE HELLINGER	G. O. Representative

English Representatives: Bekaert, Bloom, Ernst, Friedman, Greenbaum, Greene, Jerskey, Kendall, Knoblowitz, Krassner, Levy, Wacht, and Weinstein.



Lower A

THROUGHOUT its five semesters spent in Harris, the Class of June 1930 has distinguished itself in innumerable fields of endeavor. A striking example of the diligence and foresight which have contributed so greatly to Lower A's success is its early selection of next term's Crimson and Gold staff. Henry Block and Melvin Goodman, Editor-in-Chief and Managing Editor respectively, will undoubtedly use the wealth of their experience in class journalism to make the publication a success.

Under the able guidance of Vincent Montalbano and an industrious council, the Class has admirably performed its many duties. Notable among these was the careful preparation for the traditional Lower A Banquet. The Grand Street Boys' Club House was chosen as the setting for the function. The event was a thorough success, attended as it was by almost every member of the class, and enlivened by the presence of Prof. Falion, Messrs. Martel, D'Andrea, Fitzpatrick, and Flynn. Entertainment was furnished through the efforts of a wisely selected committee.

Another example of originality and consideration lies in the creating of a special representative for the seventeen Lower A's not taking English five. Other classes would do well to take advantage of this excellent example.

While the class has been rather unfortunate in the non-athletic field, considerable consolation is to be found in its unequalled success in matters athletic. There is not a single Varsity team that does not number some Lower A's in its personnel. On the Soccer Team alone there are nine Lower A's under Captain McDermott.

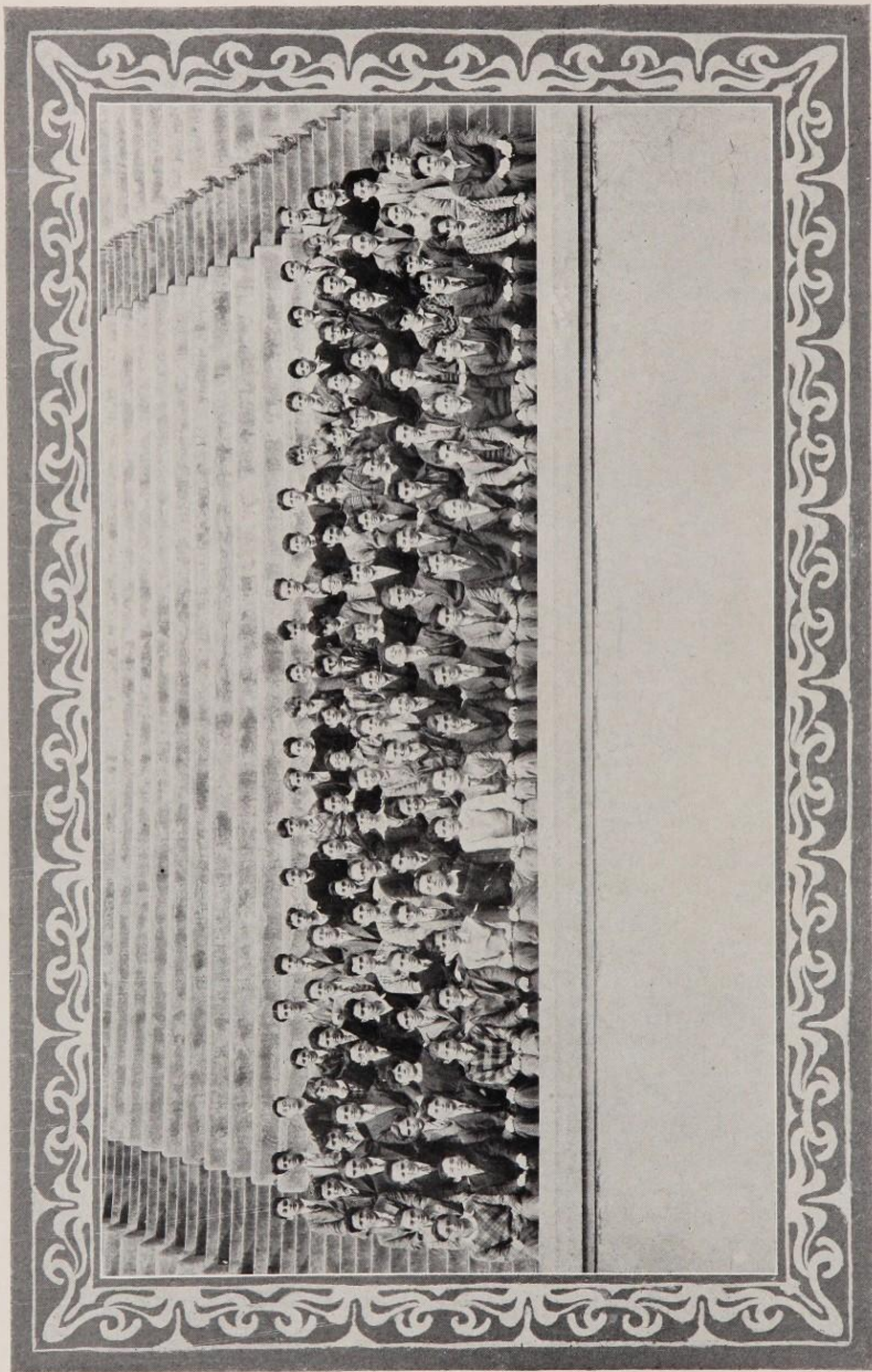
Mr. Martel, who succeeded Dr. Richter as faulty adviser, contributed much to the successful completion of the notable achievements of the class, and it was undoubtedly due to his inspiring presence that the council functioned so smoothly.

Among those who have contributed in a large way to the success of their class are Montalbano, president and Arista man; Goodman, president of the class for three terms; McDermott, captain of the Soccer team and secretary of the Arista; Rappaport, treasurer for the fifth time; Block and Ordman, both of the Arista, and Bikales, class secretary.

The council, which so creditably discharged its duties, consisted of:

VINCENT MONTALBANO	President
HENRY BLOCK	Vice-President
VICTOR BIKALES	Secretary
BERT RAPPAPORT	Treasurer
CHARLES ORDMAN	G. O. Representative

English Representatives: Ahrens, Hack, Klein, Lehman, McDermott, Miller, Waldman, and Wolfson.



Upper B

BRINGING with it the undescrivable confidence and enthusiasm which is always characteristic of the transition to upper classmanship, the past semester has been an eventful one in the history of the Class of January 1931. Under the able direction of Murray Nathan, an ideal executive in every sense of the word, Mr. Pei, the faculty adviser, and a zealous council, the present Upper B class has added another successful term to its already creditable career in Harris.

Not only has the class acquitted itself nobly in the field of self-government, but likewise in the various athletic and non-athletic tournaments. Unfortunately, the debaters, after conquering their opponents in the first contest, did not co-ordinate well in their next match, and bowed to a Lower A aggregation. But, while the debating team, composed of Nathan, Goldstein, and Schlang, thus did not do quite so well in the latest interclass tournament, it is expected that, with the graduation of their powerful rivals, the seniors, debating in Harris will become a one-class affair for the coming year, and this class will repeat the success of its Lower B term.

Setting a precedent in the social life of Harris, the council strove diligently to present a class show, at which excellent speeches, amusing skits, and a feature "movie" were presented. As a result of the interest which the class expressed in the function, Harris saw a successful innovation this term, and may look forward to many more similar successes.

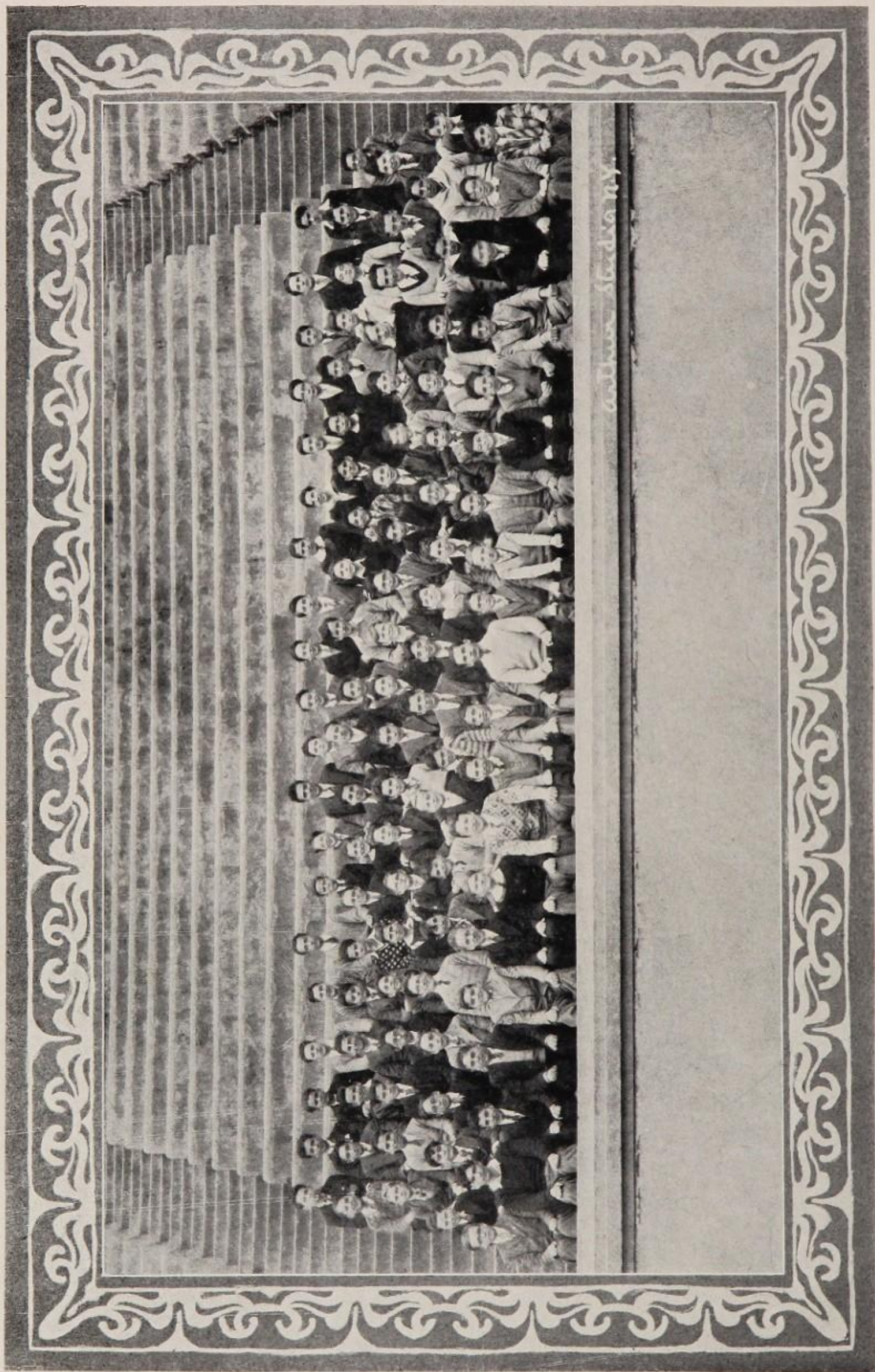
On the whole, the class is truly making an admirable record for itself. Its publication is, and always has been, laudable; its service pins embody a beauty and originality of design that make the entire student body envious of the fortunate recipients of these awards. It is to be sincerely hoped that, with this excellent beginning, the class will not sink into that lethargy which generally envelopes sensational beginners. "Beginner's luck" and "flashes in the pan" are all too common for us to go so far as to prophesy a bright future for the Class of January 1931, but all indications point to a glorious conclusion of a meteoric career.

Among the most prominent men of the class are its president, Murray Nathan, captain of the class debating team, Di Franco and De Korp, Arista men, and Harold Goldstein, efficient and hard-working vice-president.

The officers of the class were:

MURRAY NATHAN	President
HAROLD GOLDSTEIN	Vice-President
ALEXANDER KARDOS	Secretary
THEODORE BENJAMIN	Treasurer
SEYMOUR SINDEBAND	G. O. Representative

English Representatives: Theil, Dundes, Di Gia, Baker, Bauman, Weisel.



Lower B

DURING the Lower B term the true leaders of the Class are brought into the limelight by their own innate ability and qualities of leadership. These men form the Arista of tomorrow, and to them the safe-keeping of the school will be entrusted.

It is no misstatement of facts to assert that what a class does in its Lower B term reflects on its character and ideals. With this in mind let us judge as best we may from present indications the caliber and worthiness of the class.

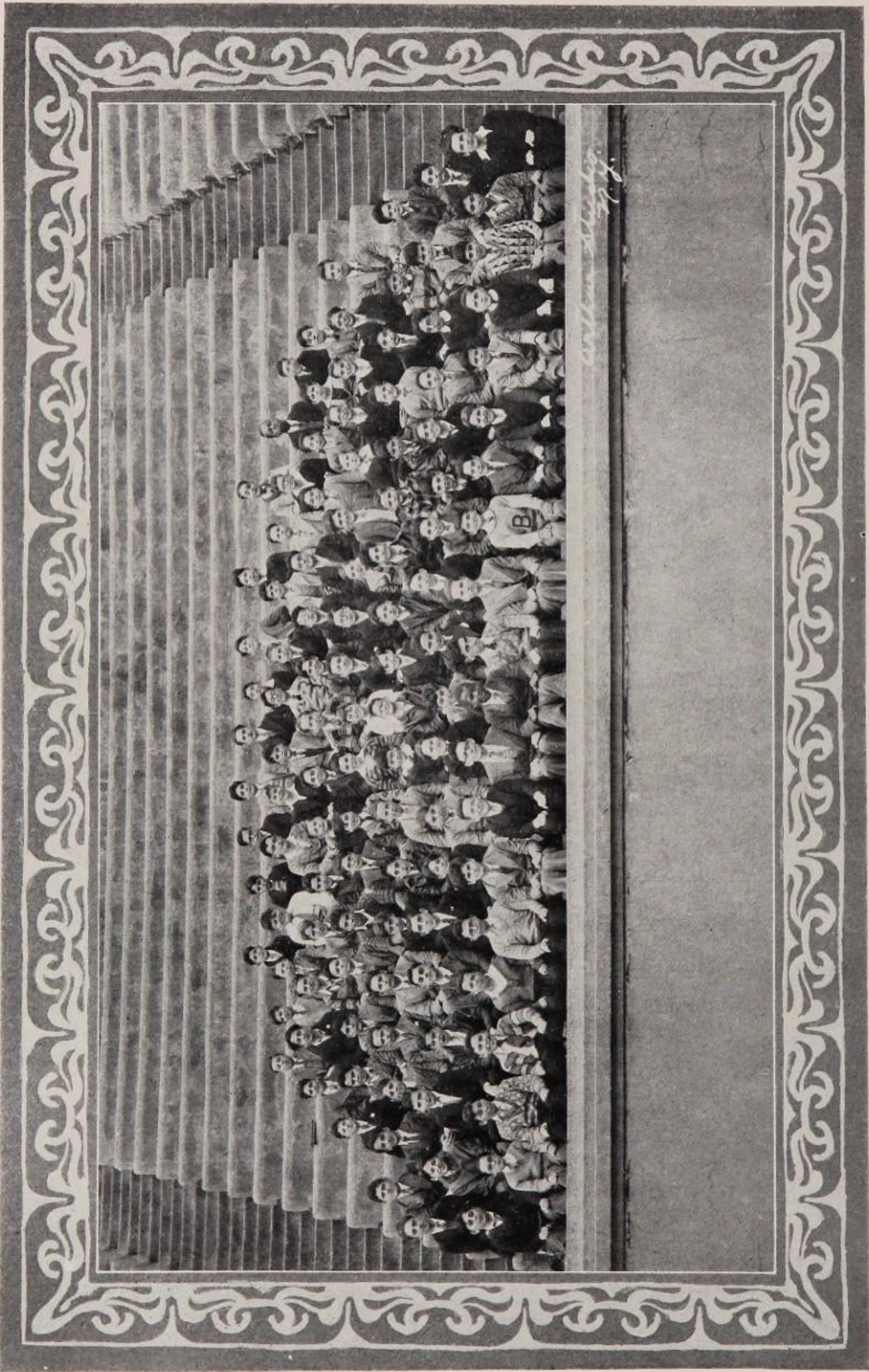
When one enters a meeting of the Lower B council, he immediately marks the seriousness and good intentions of the council members, which in no way dampen the jollity and humor which heighten the feeling of general goodnaturedness prevalent in the council. We feel that the businesslike atmosphere which pervades the meeting is due in no small part to Mr. Alles, the faculty adviser of the class.

The Lower B class is looking forward to the proposed rally this term with great anticipation. The council has gleaned much valuable information from its last term's failure in holding a Rally, and is now cautious in all its plans. Such a failure as theirs has taught them the evil of doing things in a slipshod manner. In a way mistakes are beneficial; so let us see whether or not the present Lower B class can make the most of its share of blunders.

Many men of the Lower B class are looking forward with great eagerness and anticipation to the time when they too will be eligible for the Arista, and they have entered into the various class and school activities, spurred on by hopes of some day belonging to that august body of select students. But let not their varied endeavors be wholly actuated by motives of glory and prestige. Self-devotion to one's class and school will bring about a feeling of supreme satisfaction and contentment, whether or not the desired goal of Arista fame be ever attained.

The officers, who so enthusiastically carried out the business of the class, were:

JOSEPH BRYER	President
FREDERICK GOLDSTEIN	Vice-President
JAMES MORGENTHAU	Secretary
MILTON PRINCE	Treasurer
ARTHUR STERN	G. O. Representative
English Representatives:—Carvallo, Auerbach, Zucker, Werblau, Berland, Moss, and Mannheimer.	



Upper C

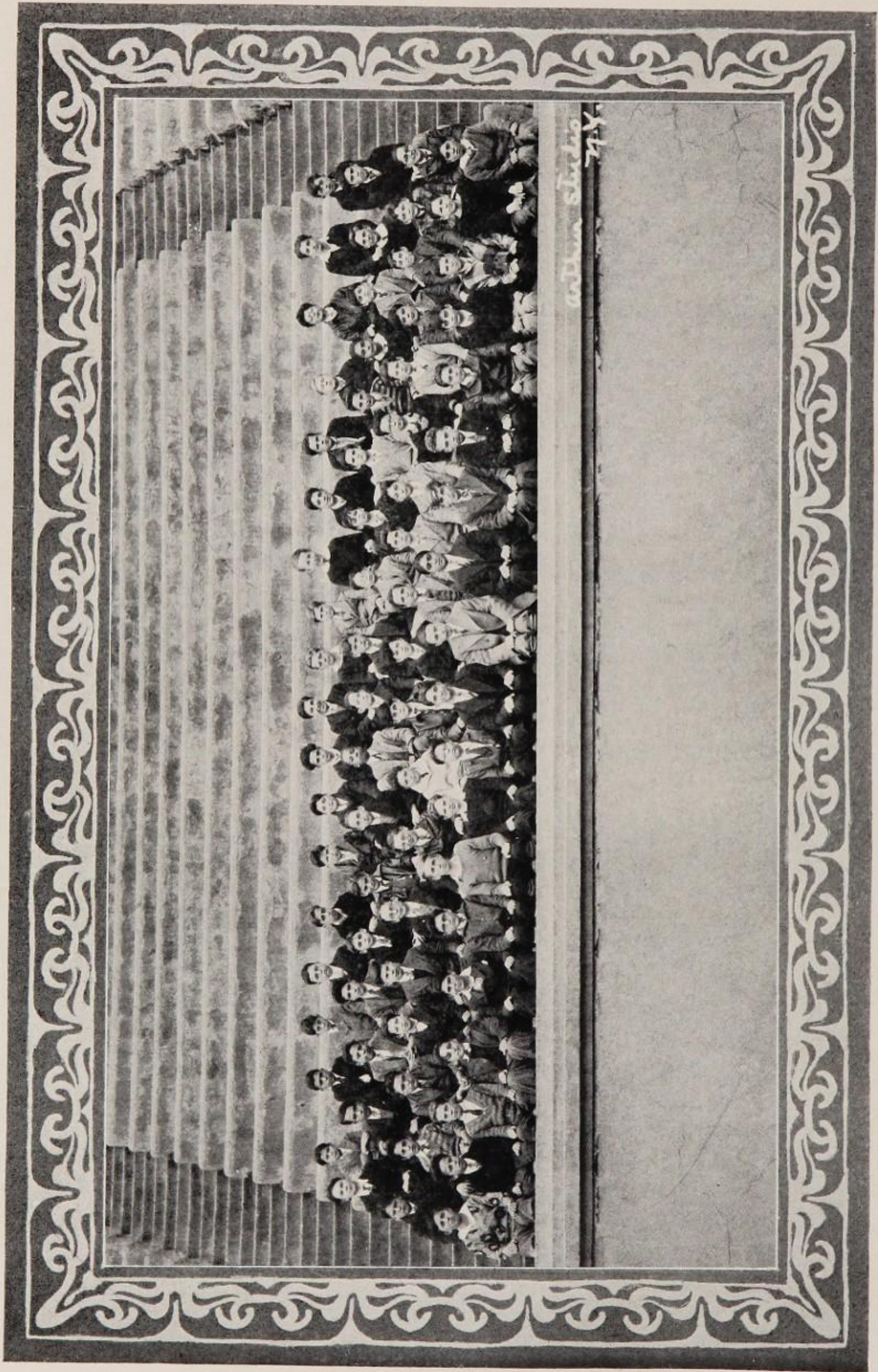
IT IS a well-known fact that, when a class reaches its Upper C term, a feeling of importance grips it in a vise. The class feels it has surmounted the obstacles which confronted it in Lower C sufficiently well to warrant its swaggering about the school with a lordly air. We fervently hope that Mr. Dyer, the class faculty adviser, will dispel all such thoughts from the minds of the Upper C students, and will lead them on to really great accomplishments.

The manner in which a class council performs its work is an indication of the spirit of the class, and the present Upper C class is no exception to this rule. According to present indications, co-ordination between the various members of the council, which is so essential to the well being of the class, seems to be sorely lacking. In all fairness to the class it represents, the Upper C council ought to change its attitude of indifference with regard to its present duties, and, especially, with regard to the contemplated Rally. We feel that the Upper C students ought to take a kindly interest in their less fortunate brethren, the Lower C's. The Upper C's have but recently passed through the trials of their Lower C term, and are in a perfect position for giving their much-needed advice and assistance to the younger class.

It may seem from what has been said that we are trying to disparage the present Upper C class. But that is far from our purpose. The Upper C term is really one of wonderful opportunities, and we want to impress on the present Upper C class the truth of this. Almost the worst misfortune that can befall a class is to fail to "get going" soon enough. Everything seems to go wrong with such a class during its school career. We are trying to keep the present Upper C class on the right path, so that it may not become ensnared in the mire by the wayside, and we feel certain that the class will understand this more fully when it reaches its senior term.

ZELMAN ROSENFELD	President
JEROME COHEN	Vice-President
WELFORD WILSON	Secretary
LLOYD SNEDDEKER	Treasurer
MAX KAPLAN	G. O. Representative

English Representatives: Sugarman, Miness, Pinkowitz, Bamberger, Dicks, Isenberg.



Lower C

THE present Lower C class has the supreme distinction of having entered with Prof. Falion. This fact should act as an incentive in spurring the students on to greater efforts and higher attainments than those to which other Lower C classes have aspired, since they have a splendid leader to emulate in our Director.

It is true that the Lower C class has had a marked disadvantage on entering the school in encountering new methods, new ideals, and a different atmosphere than that in the public school. But all Lower C classes have met with the selfsame difficulties, and we can justly say the obstacles overcome in Lower C prove to be blessings in disguise in later terms. What the Lower C class has done this term is perhaps trivial, but it is a step in the right direction.

The election of class officers in Lower C is a hazardous undertaking. Every member of the class is new and untried; rarely has a council of any considerable merit been elected in the freshman term, for it takes time to ascertain the various talents of its students, and, if, by any chance, a smoothly functioning body is ushered into office, it is a fortunate thing, indeed, for the class.

Usually the Lower C council flounders about for a whole term before getting its bearings. This is rather disheartening to the class, and may discourage its first feeble attempts. But we earnestly urge the Lower C students to bear the brunt of this as best they may, with the assurance that, if they do their work conscientiously, they will reap their just reward in the not far distant future. We feel sure that Mr. Standerwick, the able faculty adviser, will bear us out in this. We know that it is a very difficult thing to convince a Lower C class of the truth of this statement, but we entreat them to heed the sage advice of a senior class which has so gloriously surmounted those obstacles which beset its way at every turn.

A plan, innovated this term, of having a member of the G. O. Council assist the faculty adviser in his arduous duties was tried out. Mr. Hellinger, of the G. O., very kindly offered his services, and rendered invaluable aid, in the form of information about procedure, to the Lower C class council.

The officers, who led the freshmen through an uneventful term, were:

DAVID ARANOW	President
BERTRAM GOTTLIEB	Vice-President
LOUIS FIXEL	Secretary
ARTHUR GREENWALD	Treasurer
MARTIN CRAMOY	G. O. Representative
English Representatives: Cohen, Burkhardt, Rosen, Klipstein	

Literature

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Literature

THE Crimson and Gold is intended, first and foremost, to be the expression of the soul and the spirit of Townsend Harris Hall. It is something other than a mere record and chronicle of persons, places, and events. It should be the interpreter of progress and the mirror of ideals.

With these aims always in mind, the editors, many years ago, first established the publication, which was, of course, a comparatively simple creation. With these same aims in mind, following editors added features, such as the institution of the short story contest, which was intended to give a mode of expression and a means of unburdening themselves to all Harrisites who felt that they had in them the inspiration and the ability to depict life, whether in the miniature world of Harris itself, or in the greater one outside. Still with these purposes in mind, the Crimson and Gold was slowly altered and improved by editor after editor, each adding one innovation here, another there, building upon what went before, removing what was unnecessary or detrimental, or experimenting with something altogether novel.

We have proved no exception. We, too have done all these things. We have pondered slowly, and considered carefully just what should be added, or what omitted, to give to the Crimson and Gold that flavor which is so peculiarly and so distinctively characteristic of Harris. Every article whether the writeup of a club's achievements, a poem, a short story, an essay by one of the faculty, an editorial, or a humorous article, has undergone the acid test. Nor have we been content merely to enlarge and select from the works of our predecessors. We have ourselves introduced some startling innovations and sparkling additions. We have always been idealistic, in the sense that we strove to attain an ideal, but we have never been impractical.

This book has been composed in the fond hope that it would be an outstanding publication, a mark for other staffs to shoot at. It has been written with this ideal in mind, and every member of the staff did his utmost to produce a masterpiece. We believe, perhaps foolishly, that we have succeeded in realizing our ambitions. That is but natural. However, whether that is true or not, posterity can best judge.

Pursuant with the desire to enumerate all the activities with which this noble institution is replete, the present staff has gathered and included in this work articles which, it is hoped, will reveal both pictorially and by force of words the real Harris, the school beyond its intellectual surface. Read then, gentle reader, and judge with levity.

Time Triumphs

SHORT STORY CONTEST

First Prize

by RALPH M. JERSKEY

MINUTE by minute, and year by year, Time goes ever onward, unfaltering and unheeding. To some he brings anguish, to some relief. Before his march mighty empires are created, flourish and decay. Before his breath "like blazing flax, man and his marvels pass away." Humanity with all its pompous prides and might is, in its relation to time, but a temporary state, at its best. Like mighty Ozymandias, "king of kings," we and our achievements shall form but one of a multitude of decaying milestones on Time's highway. We are all but a grain of sand on the boundless desert of eternity.

Let us not, however, wax unduly philosophical, lest in so doing we wander from the truth; for, to declare that, as Time goes onward, the world is not improved, would be folly. Yet, in the same breath that he creates, he also devastates. Tragically many are the sacrifices that are laid on the altar of Time's progress.

Such is the case with the American Negro, patient subject of the literary endeavors of the modern school. All too soon are those old, lovable eccentricities which supplied inspiration to Stephen Foster disappearing. That once strong dialect is now only a form of colloquial grammar. Education and the other factors of the white man's civilization are rapidly combining to eradicate the remnants of one of America's most beautiful institutions. Now, all too many of

us think of the Negro, if at all, in terms of Harlem and night clubs. Following the precedent set for us by modern authors and playwrights, who seem to have adopted a rather one-sided negroid complex which stresses the more lurid phase of Negro life, we are inclined to forget the real, plain Southern Negro of bygone days and all the glamor of romance and beauty that he symbolized.

The friends of the old Negro need not fear, however, for a lasting monument to a misunderstood race has been established in their unequalled spirituals, folk lore and traditions. It is with the latter that this simple story deals. It deals with that touching, almost unlikable relationship between one man and a whole race between a ruler and slaves. It deals with the relationship of Abraham Lincoln to the American Negro.

* * *

Great excitement reigned at Fairmont, the plantation of Major Sherley, C. S. A. Word had come to the Virginian that Union troops had taken Petersburg and would pass through Fairmont on their way to the siege of Richmond. As a result, a hasty flight had been accomplished. The Major, all his aristocratic pride and dignity overcome by the emergency of the occasion, aided by the bewildered slaves, had loaded his family and all their valuables and

household goods that could be taken with convenience, into carriages, and had driven in great haste to Danville, where Jefferson Davis with his cabinet and several of his staff officers had already foregathered.

Exactly five hours after the mounted messenger had dashed by the mansion with the disastrous news, a cloud of dust in the distance informed thirty-seven puzzled negroes that "Marster" Sherley had gone and left them masters of their own destinies. This realization, strange to say, did not seem to bring with it all the joys and privileges that Uncle Toby had said "freedom" would bring. The responsibilities of their situation offset those emotions to such an extent that worry and bewilderment were written on each



Uncle Toby

dusky face. Only old, emaciated Uncle Toby, on whose mind age had settled peculiar notions, was jubilant. Toby had always preached the beauty of liberty and the rights of his people to that most cherished of all human possessions, and now that his hope

had been fulfilled by a kind Fate, he hobbled from one negro to another, calling upon them to thank God for their deliverance. They were all too much occupied with their many problems to give ear to Toby's plea.

Toby had always excited the pity of his people because of his fantastic notions. Lately, he had caused quite a sensation by the announcement of his intention personally to thank the great savior of his race. It was this cherished hope that was making bright the last days of a life that had known only sorrows, hardships and disappointments, for Toby had made up his stubborn old mind that he would go to Washington and call on "Marster Linkum" in person.

After the negroes had discussed their condition for some forty minutes, they arrived at a decision to continue their residence at Fairmont and await "Marster" Sherley's return. To Toby this was nothing short of stupidity and ungratefulness for the gifts of Providence, and he tried vainly to convert the indifferent group to his beliefs. While he was thus engaged, the sound of fifes and drums was faintly heard in the distance, throwing into a state of frenzy all except Toby, who refused to hide from the "blessed Linkum sojers"; and when fifteen minutes later, a detachment of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Volunteers reached Fairmont, they received a lone welcome that was not entirely unsuccessful in arousing the emotions of the most hardened campaigner.

When the required search of the plantation had been conducted, the troops continued their gruelling

march, and when Major Sherley's timid slaves came out on the road to watch the departing men, they were greeted with the sight of old Toby, shoulders bent under the weight of his meagre belongings, hobbling along at the end of the line. Desperately they called him back, telling him that he was mad to expose himself to the dangers of the war, but unavailing. All they got from old Toby was his happy exclamation that he was going to "Marster Linkum" at last. So, with tear-dimmed eyes the grieved negroes watched their oldest friend and adviser hobble away to "death and destruction." That night prayers were said for the repose of Toby's soul.

Words cannot do justice to Toby's



Toby following the Army

ensuing trials. Miles and miles, for weeks, he trudged wearily and painfully along the war-devastated countryside, now stopping with the troops to destroy rebel arsenals, now fleeing from rebel regiments, always happy in the prospect of the eventual

achievement of his cherished ambition. In fact, if it had not been for the generous aid of the sympathetic, yet amused soldiers, Toby would never have survived the arduous trek.

So it is that thirteen days after the fall of Petersburg, a bent, emaciated negro is seen limping haltingly along noisy Pennsylvania Avenue. Unmindful of the groups of excited citizens gathered in clusters along the way, he trudges timidly onward. Nearer and nearer to the White House he comes. How his thin legs pain him as he drags them along in what appears to be a last superhuman effort! A flush comes over Toby's body and beads of sweat appear on his wrinkled forehead as the terrible thought comes into his mind that, perhaps at the last moment, after all his hardships, and when he is so near the fulfilment of his dreams, his last remaining bit of strength will fade away and leave him helpless. Panting and gasping in agony, he lurches drunkenly forward, falling against the walls at almost every other step. Finally, after a torturous struggle that will always be an eloquent proof of the powers of a strong determination, Toby drags himself up to a Zouave at one of the crowded gateways to the White House, and in a series of choking gasps whispers, "Whar at kin Ah see Marster Linkum, please suh?"

No answer from the grim, motionless Zouave.

"Please suh," pleads Toby, his breath coming in quicker gasps now. "Please suh, Ah've come so fah fo't' see Marster Linkum, an Ah'm pow'-ful 'fraid dat pretty soon it's gwine

be too late."

Slowly the Zouave turns and lowers his head until his eyes meet those of the shivering darky's. A faint, tender smile appears on his face as he reads the timid, yet eager, appeal that they express. It is only after a period of hesitation that he removes his hand from the barrel of the musket, and placing it tenderly on the old negro's quivering arm explains in a husky voice, "Yes, Uncle, I'm afraid you have come too late. Some damned rebels killed Lincoln last night. Shot him in the head, the dirty snakes. Ended one of"

The Zouave sentry never completes his bitter lament, for just then with a faint moan, Toby falls in a heap upon the stone pavement. At once, the soldier thrusting his musket aside, kneels down beside the aged negro and tenderly places the shrunken head on his knee. With amazing alacrity, so common to curiosity seekers, a crowd gathers about the two, noisy and inquisitive, only to be ordered back as the dark eyelids flutter weakly, and finally open. Glancing wildly about him, the heart-broken old man laughs hysterically. "Who killed Marster Linkum? Dose damn debbels! Killed Marster Linkum! Shot in de haid! Cain take

um!"

At this point, frightful convulsions set in and the thin, black face is distorted with the agonies of the last moment. Then, as the horrified crowd looks wildly on, the stiffness mercifully passes and the face becomes calm once more. The wild stare in the eyes disappears, and the



Toby falls to the pavement

bloodless lips are no longer curled. The devilish sneer is gone and only the sweet beneficence of an angel envelopes the negro's features. The prayers of his dusky brethren are now in order. Uncle Toby has found Abraham Lincoln at last.

F I N I S

The Wilkeson Affair

SHORT STORY CONTEST

Second Prize

by WILLIAM GIBSON

CHAPTER ONE

IT WAS, perhaps, the most exciting incident in the life of Louis Tannell. And yet it all began very quietly. Tannell was fixing Albert Wilkeson's breakfast in his study—Wilkeson was not feeling well—when his employer spoke.

"Louis," he said, "telephone the police."

Tannell was a little startled.

"The police, sir?" he repeated.

"Yes. The house was robbed two days ago—of a good round sum, too."

"Robbed, sir?" said Tannell dazed-

seemed to regard the robbery as a little thing.

"I'll keep an eye on the culprit."

"You know who it is, sir?" asked Tannell, resuming the act of arranging the plates.

Wilkeson nodded.

"As I know him, he is pretty honest. But I'm positive he's done this thing. He had the best reason in the world for doing it—he needed money. When you finish that, call headquarters."

"Was it very much, sir, if you'll pardon my asking?"

"Ten thousand dollars."

Tannell had never seen so much money in all his life, and the visions he had of it were extremely exaggerated. As he was completing his work, Wilkeson rose.

"I'll phone myself, Louis," he declared. "Straighten up the room, will you?"

In fifteen minutes he was back, and when Tannell saw him return, he rang the bell for the maid.

"The phone's broken from the storm we had yesterday," Wilkeson growled. "We'll have to get it fixed as soon as possible."

"Yes sir," said Tannell respectfully, and stared out of the window from where he stood.

"Beautiful view from here, sir," he remarked. "Do you want me to do anything else, sir?"

Wilkeson told him not to bother, and, as Tannell left the room, he got up and leaned out of the window,



"..... telephone the police."

ly. Then, recovering himself: "Right away, sir."

"Oh, finish what you're doing. It can wait."

Wilkeson was a man with admirable self-control, and to Tannell he

his hands resting on the sill. Tannell glanced back and saw him looking down at the river.

He met the maid, Alice, just as he closed the door behind him. He opened his mouth to speak, but was cut short by a scream from the room he had quit. He whirled about, burst open the door, looked in, and dashed to the window, the maid at his heels. She had a glimpse of a pair of legs sliding over the sill, and felt a sudden sick emptiness in the pit of her stomach. Tannell turned to her, very white.

"Get Mr. John," he said hoarsely. "Quick!"

She left the room almost running. Tannell turned and stares out of the window, then closed his eyes, shuddering. He stumbled back to the door and went down the hallway until he met the maid and the hastening young man with her.

"Sir," said Tannell, in a shaken voice, "he, he's....."

"For God's sake, speak!" cried John Wilkeson.

"Your father—out the window."

"Oh!" The man caught his breath.

"A hospital," he ordered quickly, and Tannell ran down to the telephone. Young Wilkeson slumped into a chair in the hallway.

CHAPTER TWO

Inspector Tim Moran glared at John Wilkeson. Moran was a huge man with a bulldog chin and a harsh voice. His shoulders were forever hunched forward in a belligerent attitude, and he incessantly chewed unlighted cigars.

"So you get the money!" he said in a sweet tone. Then, changing quickly, he rasped, "Come clean!"

Wilkeson sprang to his feet.

"You can't speak to me like that!" he said hotly. "If you think I killed my father, say so. But don't insinuate it. And I'll not answer any more of your questions."

He turned on his heel and walked to the door.

"Sit down!" ordered Moran sharply.

Wilkeson came back.

"You try to make....."

"Sit down!"

"I won't!" But he did.

"Now, I'm going to speak frankly," said Moran. "According to the will, you are bequeathed half of the money—right?"

"Yes."

"And the other half goes to your mother?"

"Yes."

"And you can see that you and she are the only ones with possible motives?"

"But....."

"And you have absolutely no alibi?"

"Well?"

"Answer me!" said Moran savagely.

"Yes."

"Do you blame me for suspecting you?" If you were in my place—"

The other was silent. Moran laughed shortly and perched on the top of the desk.

"I'll give you a list of all the people in the house at the time," he continued. "First, there's Tannell and the maid, Alice. They have both an alibi for each other. Then there's your mother. She was reading in the library, alone. You were in your room, also alone. The gardener was picking weeds with his wife watching

him from the kitchen, where she was cooking her meal. The stableman was in the stalls, and the chauffeur was asleep. The only ones that could have done it are your mother, yourself, the stableman and the chauffeur. Why do you have both a stableman and chauffeur?"

"Chauffeur's for driving the car into town," explained Wilkeson. "The stableman takes care of the horses which we ride for pleasure."

Moran slid from the desk. "What I can't understand is just how your father was killed," he announced.

"Tannell rushed right in and so did Alice. Nobody was in the room. It would have been thought an accident, but for his crushed-in head. Somebody dealt him an awful blow from behind and then pushed him out of the window, but — call Tannell."

Wilkeson pulled a cord and the man appeared.

"Listen," said Moran. "We're go-



"We're going to do the time part...."

ing to do the time part of this thing. Get outside just where you were when you heard the scream. When

I yell, do exactly as you did this morning." When he had left, Moran turned to Wilkeson.

"I'm going to try to see if the murderer could have gotten behind the door before Tannell came in. Then he could have sneaked out behind him, and made his getaway in that manner. You hit me on the head with a pillow—that's nice and soft—then push me against the window pane. I'll shout, and immediately you run back of that door."

The plans were carried out, but Wilkeson was hardly three steps across the room when Tannell burst in. Moran shrugged and leaned against the desk.

"Now, how was it done?" he demanded of the walls. Then, removing the thoroughly masticated cigar from his mouth, he motioned with it toward the door.

"Beat it," he said. "I'm going to do some writing."

Once alone, he sat down at the desk and worked for several minutes. Then he leaned back and read what he had written:

1. *Location:* The house is about a mile up from Dyckman ferry, on the New Jersey side, and situated at such a point that if a body were dropped from a window, it would roll from a ledge on the Palisades right down into the Hudson. The side of the house is an extension of the Palisades.
2. *Wilkeson:* A wealthy and friendly man of about sixty. Apparently had no enemies; is not known to have done anyone harm.
3. *The Murder:* The only possible way to have committed it is to have come up behind Wilkeson, dealt him a blow on the head and pushed him over. His body was picked up in

the river after it had been searched for by a police drag. The top of the skull was smashed in as if by a terrible blow.

4. *Suspects:* There were eight in or about the house at the time. Tannell and Alice provide each other with an alibi. John Wilkeson, who inherits half the fortune was in his room. His mother was in the library. The gardener was seen by his wife at almost every minute, but it is possible she is lying. She was not seen herself, and so might have done it. On the other hand, she may be shielding her husband. The stableman and the chauffeur, a new man, were alone. Thus, six persons might have committed the crime.
5. *Miscellaneous:* Tannell states positively that no one was in the room before he left it. There is only one door and four windows, three large-sized ones and a small, stained-glass one above the center big window, opening like a transom and regulated by means of a cord from it. It is impossible to have escaped through the windows, as they all open on the one side—the Palisades. Tannell was outside the only door with Alice. By experiment it has been proved that the murderer could not have hidden behind the door. . . . It might have been a total accident. Wilkeson lost his balance, and his skull was crushed as he struck the ledge. But the break in his skull was not like one caused by falling; it was as if the edge of some sharp thing struck him. Furthermore, the break is crossways over his skull—from ear to ear. If a blow were struck from behind, it should be from front to back. Tannell says....."

Here Moran broke off and called for Tannell.

"How was Wilkeson falling?" he asked the servant. "Was it as though he were looking out the window or, had he his back to it? Were his heels pointing out to the river or in

to the Palisades?"

"Out, sir," said Tannell with emphasis. "Besides, I'd noticed him looking out before I left the room."

"Thanks," nodded Moran, and Tannell walked out.

".....that Wilkeson was falling as though he had been looking out. He screamed, so he must have seen his assailant. But how could he have shouted if he didn't see the murderer? And why did the murderer push him out of the window? The doctor states that Wilkeson died immediately after he was hit.

CHAPTER THREE

"Tannell," asked Moran, "How old is this house?"

"Oh, about a hundred years, sir," answered Tannell.

"Do you suppose there are any secret passages?" Moran asked, glancing suspiciously at the floor.

"I doubt it, sir," smiled Louis.

"How, in your opinion, did the murderer get out?"

Tannell shrugged his shoulders.

"I have no opinion, sir," he said.

"Well," said Moran doubtfully, "do you think it was an accident?"

"Well, sir, I don't know," frowned Louis. "I came in here pretty soon after Mr. Wilkeson screamed, and I saw the whole bottom half of his body going over. Now, if he'd fallen accidentally, sir, he would have screamed as soon as he lost his balance. But the impression I received was that he screamed before he lost it. I think he saw the murderer and realised his intent."

"How could he, when he was looking out?"

"Maybe he heard a sound behind him and just turned his head."

"Why was he pushed out the

window? He died right after the blow — *that* was the cause of his death."

"He may have slipped out," said Tannell, "after he was hit, I mean."

"I see," said Moran. "And now the whole question hinges on how the murderer made his escape. That puzzles me."

He went down and saw the gardener and his wife, but he had already heard all they had to say. Then he visited the chauffeur, found where he had come from, and why he had left his former employer. None of it was helpful, however, outside of the fact that the man's room, in which he had been sleeping, opened on the rear staircase. It was the same with all the servants' rooms. Here was one peculiar feature about the staircase.

"You see, sir," said Louis Tannell, "these stairs are the only ones that lead up to the balcony which runs around the roof."

What he referred to was a sort of verandah that encompassed the pointed top of the house.

"The roof?" said Moran vaguely. "The roof—oh!" In that instant he saw how the murder had been committed.

He explained it to his Chief that night.

"The murderer got up on that balcony," he commenced, "and dropped a weight of some sort down on Wilkeson's head. Instinct compelled Wilkeson to glance upward. That was when he screamed. He probably endeavored to get inside and in so doing, brought the top of his head in line with the weight. The velocity of the thing knocked him clean out the window.

"I've looked around that place on the roof. The family sit on it in summer. Most anybody could have gone up there, but I'm inclined to think it was one of the servants. If Mrs. Wilkeson or her son had been seen on the rear stairs it would have been noticed. The rear stairs are the servants' stairs. They always have access to them. That brings the hunt down to Jones, the gardener, his wife, Charles and Joe—the chauffeur and stableman. The son and mother might have done it, though. The gardener has an alibi in his wife. They may be lying. Anyway, I'll look into all of them. I'll get something on somebody soon."

He got it the next day.

CHAPTER FOUR

Tannell came to him the following morning, a bit troubled.

"Here's a little thing I think ought to be cleared up, sir," he said to Moran. "Did you know that ten thousand dollars were stolen from Mr. Wilkeson?"

"What?" Moran leaped out of his seat.

Tannell told him what Wilkeson had said the previous day.

"He was a little talkative," he concluded. "I don't know if anybody else is aware of the robbery, but I think you should know. It may have something to do with the murder."

Moran asked Mrs. Wilkeson if she knew about it, but she looked at him so blankly that he retreated, assured that she had no knowledge of the matter. He found that it was the same with her son; but whether they were both clever actors he did not know. He went up to Wilkeson's

study and tried to reenact the part that the murdered man must have taken. Looking up from the window, past the stained-glass pane to the roof, he decided that Wilkeson had not seen his assailant's face, but the extended arms and the dropped weight. He attempted to add something to his outline, but crumpled the paper up and threw it in the waste basket under the desk. As he did so, he saw an object in it, and lifted it out curiously. It was a heavy book-end in the shape of a solid Indian head. Moran wondered where the other one was; then, springing to his feet, he dashed to the window. There, on the ledge below, was the duplicate. That he had not previously seen it was not strange, as he had not searched for it. Its color merged with the brown of the rock, and it was only by keen scrutiny that he saw it. The book-end, then, was the weight responsible for Wilkeson's death.

This discovery cast more suspicion on John Wilkeson and his mother.

But why had the guilty person taken the missile from Wilkeson's room? It argued non-premeditation. The murderer was in a hurry and, seeing his chance, got the book-end from Wilkeson's study. But when? Not before or after Tannell had left. That was impossible. And if not, then it meant the murderer had not known that Wilkeson was looking out of the window, because he had done it on Tannell's departure. Moran scratched his chin in bewilderment.

Then he went over all the suspects and possibilities, and finally gave up in despair. He decided to search the room thoroughly. Under a book-case

in a corner he found an empty ink-bottle. On the desk were two marks—on the top a small, deep scratch, and on the side facing the door a sharp dent. Moran discarded all three things as irrelevant.

He went out for a walk on the state road, a white cement highway, in order to think clearly. On the way out he met John Wilkeson.

"Where were you when Alice found you yesterday morning?" Moran asked.

"In my room, of course," said Wilkeson with surprise.

He felt in his pocket and pulled out a letter.

"My father gave me this about ten minutes before he—it happened. If you're going out, I wish you'd mail it."

Moran stuffed it in his pocket and left. Once out of sight, he broke open the envelope. It might have something to do with the crime, he told himself to soothe his conscience. Inside was a brief note—from its text, to a familiar friend—and another envelope. The letter read:

Dear Ed,

Please mail the enclosed letter. Am afraid I was a little too talkative this morning, and would be rather embarrassed if any scandal got about. Phone is broken and didn't want to write directly because of gossip. Please keep quiet about it. Thanks.

Albert.

The address on the second envelope was that of Police Headquarters. Moran perused it hastily.

To the Authorities:

If it is at all possible, I want this kept quiet. I happened to have recently a large sum — \$10,000 — in the house. The

gardener, a man by the name of Jones, knew I had it. He came to me and asked for a raise. I refused, and he told me he needed money at once. When I again refused, he threatened to quit. I gave him the night to think it over. This morning, I missed the money. The phone was broken, so I decided to write via a friend, to avoid any gossiping. I think I talked too much as it is. Will you please send a man out here? Without publicity if you can.

Albert Wilkeson.

Below was his address. Moran stared at the letter. There was a motive! If Jones knew Wilkeson suspected him, he would have an excellent reason for murder. It meant escaping prison. Moran folded the letter, put it back in the envelope, and returned to the house. There he sought Jones and showed him the letter. When he had finished, the gardener's face was ghastly.

"Well?" said Moran.

"I didn't even know the money was gone!" Jones protested.

"What he says is true, then? About the evening before?"

Jones nodded his head miserably.

"I asked him for a raise and then a loan, but he refused. Then I said I'd quit if he didn't give it to me."

"What did you want it for?" asked Moran.

"I owed it to Charles. Lost it shooting craps."

"Did he need it right away?"

"He said he did. Said he'd tell Mrs. Wilkeson if I didn't pay. She'd caught me with dice once before and said I'd be fired if it happened again."

"It couldn't have been very much," observed Moran.

"It wasn't. Twenty-five dollars.

He hadn't been caught before, because he was new. So he could say he didn't know her rules, and wouldn't be fired."

"Twenty-five dollars," said Moran in disgust, realizing that an honest man would not steal ten thousand for such a small amount. "How did it end?"

"Louis lent it to me."

"Tannell?"

Jones nodded. Moran left him and went to Tannell in Wilkeson's study.

"You said something before about some robbery?"

"Yes sir," said Louis.

"Tell me about it again."

Tannell related the whole affair.

"He was gone about ten minutes, then?" asked Moran at the finish.

"About that, sir."

"Well, he gave his son a letter to mail after he left the room. Since he did not phone, he wrote it sometime after he left and before he returned. The letter tells whom he suspects. By the way, did he tell you who it was?"

"No sir; not by name. He just referred to him as the culprit and the guilty person."

"He thought it was Jones," said Moran pointedly.

"Jones!" exclaimed Tannell in a startled tone.

"Yes. Why—what's the matter?"

"Nothing. I was surprised. I thought it was—Charles."

"Well, he wrote to the police, saying it was Jones. You loaned him some money, didn't you?" inquired Moran.

"Yes, twenty-five dollars," replied Tannell.

"Thanks. Now, I have work to

do . . . "

Tannell left him, turning at the door to ask if he desired any ink or paper. Moran shook his head, and Louis closed the door softly. Just then, Moran thought of the empty ink-bottle. And then he saw the light.

CHAPTER FIVE

Moran herded all the people of the house into the study, and had there, besides, three policemen. Tannell was sitting, reserved as ever, alone. Jones and his wife were in chairs next to each other. Alice was a few feet from them, and a little beyond her were Charles and the stableman. John Wilkeson stood behind his mother's chair. In the shadows of the room hovered the three policemen. Moran stood before the others, feet braced wide apart, a wet wreck of a cigar in his mouth, his hands jammed into his back pockets.

"Mrs. Wilkeson," he began, "before we start, I want your word that you'll not hold what any witness may say, in a moment of helpfulness, against himself."

She nodded.

"Then," said Moran, "what were you doing yesterday morning, Jones?"

"I told you, sir. In the stalls with Charles and Joe, shooting craps."

Moran turned to the chauffeur and stableman.

"Were you with him?"

They muttered their "Yes!" together, and Moran spoke to Mrs. Jones.

"And where were you at the time?"

"In the kitchen," she whispered. "I was fixing everybody's breakfast

I didn't see my husband and when he wouldn't tell me where he was—he knew I didn't want him to gamble—I was worried. So I lied to make it impossible for him to have done the murder."

"But you could have done it yourself?" pursued Moran, and she nodded reluctantly, without a word. Moran looked at Mrs. Wilkeson.

"Where were you yesterday morning?" he repeated. "You see, I'm just going over these alibis, in case someone has anything to add, as in Jones' case."

"I was in the library, reading, as I told you."

"And your son was in his room?" asked Moran, raising his eyes to young Wilkeson. It was the boy who replied.

"Yes."

Moran leaned against the desk and took the chewed cigar from the corner of his mouth.

"Has anyone anything to add before we go on? We have three suspects: Mrs. Wilkeson, John Wilkeson, and Mrs. Jones. Nothing? Then, if you please, Alice, will you tell us what you told me?"

She stood up, pale and straight.

"I was coming down the hall yesterday morning when Mr. Wilkeson—Mr. Albert Wilkeson—opened his door and passed me. I was looking for Louis, and entered Mr. Wilkeson's room. Louis was standing on the desk, putting a heavy bronze book-end on the outside of the little stained glass window. He had moved the desk over so he could do it. I was a little curious and retreated to the hall, watching him from there. He was working very feverishly, hastening as much as he could. Then he fastened an empty

ink-bottle to the bottom of the cord that regulates the window, and stepped down. I heard somebody coming up the stairs then, so I turned around and walked back as though I'd finished what I had come for. It was Mr. Wilkeson returning.

"When he went back into his room, I followed him and looked in. He and Louis talked a while; then Louis said it was a beautiful view from the window and turned to leave. He looked back and saw Mr. Wilkeson leaning out; then he grasped the cord with the ink-bottle on the end and walked as far as he



John Wilkeson in his room

could to the door. I was peeking from behind the wall, just the side of my head showing. That was why he didn't see me. He gave the cord a jerk and the transom window moved a little, then still more, very slowly. Louis drew back the cord and the weight of the ink-bottle brought it back to the window. I realized what his object was, and shrank back. Then I knew he was coming to the door, and I moved

back. The book-end must have hit Mr. Wilkeson after Louis closed the door, because the transom window had not been moved for a long time and it went slowly. Louis started to speak when Mr. Wilkeson screamed and we burst in. You know the rest."

There was silence for a long, dragging minute; then Moran broke in with:

"How did you happen to be on the floor and looking for Louis?"

"He sent for me," the girl explained, and Moran turned to Tannell. The man's face was bloodless. Twice he opened his lips to speak, but no words came forth. The third time he succeeded.

"It's . . . it's . . . oh, it's true," he whispered. "I stole the money."

Moran jerked his head at the policemen, and they came up and seized Tannell.

Then confusion reigned. Jones, his wife, Charles and Joe were looking at one another with evident relief in their faces; Alice was relaxed, her head thrown back on her chair; Mrs. Wilkeson was still sitting, staring at Moran, whose hand John Wilkeson was wringing; and everybody was talking with the exception of Mrs. Wilkeson and Alice. After a few moments, the policemen left with Tannell, and John Wilkeson demanded of Moran whether Alice had really seen what she had related. Moran smiled at him.

"If she had," he retorted, "I'd have gotten Tannell yesterday morning. I told her to say that. You see, Tannell thought Wilkeson meant him when he spoke of the thief. He had a guilty conscience. So when Wilkeson left the room, Tannell

thought quickly and conceived this brilliant plan of doing away with him. Thus, the police would never know whom it was that Wilkeson suspected. And he also rang for Alice. This provided him with a perfect alibi. He counted on the stiffness of the transom—that it would move slowly.

"And he scratched the desk when he was standing on it. When he swung the cord back, the ink-bottle dented the desk on the side. He only had the cord twisted about the bottle a few times; he had to have the bottle there to take the cord back. He expected the bottle to whirl out the window, but as he turned toward the door, he swung it back against the desk, and it rolled under a bookcase. When I saw all these things, and got to thinking about them, I saw the truth—just about one hour ago. But there was not a shade of evidence against him!

"I thought that perhaps he'd be shocked into a confession if the maid gave testimony as to having seen him, and so forth. I was right. And while I think of it, here's the letter you gave me to mail. When Tannell learned it was Jones and not himself who was suspected, he was surprised. That started me on the right track.

"Tannell gave me a lot of truth when he told me things. I guess he did it to make me not suspect him. I thought the speed of the weight took Wilkeson out of the window, but I didn't think it was a book-end. Wilkeson was leaning with his hand on the sill; when he was hit, he just

crumpled up and his body slipped out. Tannell put the other book-end in the waste basket.

"But think of the chance he was taking! Suppose Alice had been delayed and couldn't come immediately! Where was his alibi then? He certainly took a long chance. But all he was thinking of was that he must get Wilkeson out of the way. He realised it was unlikely that Wilkeson would tell the name of his suspect over the telephone.

"I gambled on the fact that Tannell suggested a beautiful view from the window, because the natural thing to do would be to get up and look out. It seems I was right. I tripped up on one thing, though. I told Alice to say Tannell had sent for her, and that was how he secured an air-tight alibi. But he didn't ring until Wilkeson returned from his attempt to phone; while Alice said it was before Wilkeson left. She forgot to include that in her story, and I had to ask her about what she was doing on the floor. Just as I uttered the words, I saw my mistake, and thought that Tannell would see it also. But his wits that had helped him so far had been scattered by this apparently irrefutable evidence. Think of it! A chance to escape and he couldn't see it. If he had, he would have realised Alice's story was trumped up, and so wouldn't have confessed. However....."

As he reached for his hat, Moran asked the maid to get him a glass of water.

"I haven't talked so much in five years," he said in explanation.

THE END

Ray Conger

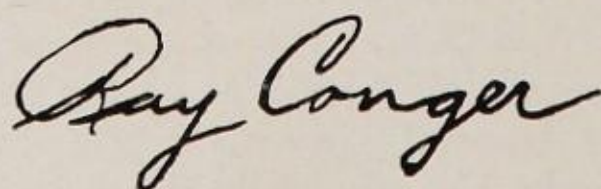
Perhaps a letter from me should include all the advantages of track, why a person should follow that sport and how it excels all other forms of athletics. Although I have found participation in track athletics very enjoyable, I see no reason why some other sport might not give the individual as much or more recreation.

Most winners in present day athletic contests are not using freak methods, such as a vegetarian diet or powerful stimulants. They do not resort to a rabbit foot or a horse shoe carried in their pocket for good luck. On the contrary, they are being true to conditions and are living the most wholesome life possible, with freedom from extremes.

Of course, it is necessary to receive eight or nine hours of sleep every night; which means that a person cannot go to a dance or a show every night in the week; but a variation from the normal course now and then causes no harm. Another important item is to eat at regular meal times, including vegetables, fruits, milk, and meat. Eating pastries or other sweets between meals tends to weaken the appetite for the nutritious parts of the regular meals, and is therefore harmful. As cigarettes and other forms of tobacco do not help in the normal body functions, why in this age of efficiency waste time and money on them? Along with this it is necessary to practice a particular activity a couple of hours each day, in order to develop the body in skill and endurance to withstand the exertion put upon it at the time of competition.

The previous paragraph shows that athletic training is nothing more than treating the body in the way that it should be treated to enjoy life to its fullest extent, because no matter what profession a person is in, the body requires these conditions to function most efficiently.

Good fellowship, sportsmanship and the making of new friends are the true goals in recreational sports, rather than the success of one's activity in terms of medals or applause from the crowd.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Ray Conger". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned in the lower right area of the page, above the footer.

A Piscatorial Idyll

GIVE me health and a day," says Emerson, "and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous." That this epigram is profoundly true was proved to me one summer day in the Adirondacks. I propose to tell you about it briefly. Though this little sketch is written in the season of snow, it may serve also to remind that winters, whether of content or discontent, herald inevitably Nature's eternal miracle of spring.

At the first hint of light in the east, my friend, Nimrod, and I are awake. While the hemlocks and birches outside our windows are still a gray blur, we are slipping into khaki, lacing our heavy hiking shoes, making sure of the presence in our pockets of fishing license, knife, tobacco, matches.

It is still dim twilight as we light the oil stove and start breakfast. We eat enormously: dishes of prunes, bowls of oatmeal, two fried eggs, bacon, toast, two cups of coffee. The inner man must be ready for the long day ahead.

We pause for a moment to pick up creels, rods, tackle boxes, bait containers, and to adjust duxback coats (for the still dawn is chilly) and descend the hill to the lake. In silence we uncover the canoe, turn her over, load in our duffle, take our places and push off. We are old comrades and there is no need of words. The paddles dip; we round the point and head down the outlet for the further shore, a mile and a quarter away, where our car awaits us.

About us is the utterly silent glory of the mountain dawn. The sky is now a tender robin's egg blue. Long wreaths of mist rise furtively from the calm surface of the lake. We note with inner satisfaction that they ascend straight up, thus presaging a perfect morning. Jocund day is indeed standing tiptoe on the misty mountain tops; the great bulk of Mount Morris to the south is swathed in creamy vapors. Wild ducks rise at our approach and wing away toward the marshes of the Racquette.

Twenty minutes later we tie the canoe to the dock and quickly unload. The east is flushing pink; long streamers of crimson and gold are invading the zenith. Aurora's robes have never looked lovelier. As I carry the duffle to the road, I hear the purr of our sedan descending from the barn. We load and climb in, still without many words, and head southwest into the wilderness along the narrow ribbon of road. While Nimrod drives, I linger with long drawn satisfaction over the first pipe of the day.

We traverse miles of still woodland. Finally Nimrod swings the car into a sideroad. Presently we stop under a high bank. Rapidly we climb out, strap on bait boxes, adjust creels, check over for the last time our

possession of reels, rods, lines, hooks, leaders, sinkers. Nimrod fastens the landing net to his belt.

We look at each other.

"All set?"

"K. O."

The earliest sunbeams are magically gilding the spiky tops of the spruces as we swing into the trail and enter the forest. The air is redolent with the sweet never-to-be-forgotten odor of wet vegetation on a mountain morning. The undergrowth, saturated with dew, drenches us to the waist. We are scarcely conscious of the clinging wetness.

The trail is familiar. We move along steadily and swiftly, revelling in the exercise. We wind up and down hill; we straddle fallen trees. Time passes. We emerge from the woods into a clearing, waist deep in bracken and fern. Ahead is the roar of rapids. Again we enter the forest. Finally we cut from the trail down to the river.

"No crossing on the beaver dam this year," Nimrod observes. "Some of it went out with the ice." The brown water swirls around our thighs as we wade the stream. Long before, we have decided to push straight through to our real destination and reserve the river fishing for later.

Again we enter the forest. There is now no path but occasional deer trails. We advance slowly through a jungle of second growth spruces. We keep a wary eye cocked for stumps, hidden rocks, holes buried in raspberry vines. The sun is warm on our backs. We begin to talk in elliptical, half formed sentences. Our conversation has no traffic with our usual world.

Nimrod has forgotten that he is really a professor of mathematics, who can upon occasion discourse learnedly of the differential calculus. I give no thought to adjunct accusatives or split infinitives. We talk of fish and fishing, of the ways of animals, of the wind in the pines, of blue distances and the grim rocks of mile high summits.

Presently we squint ahead through the trees.

"Almost there now."

"Another quarter of a mile."

We descend a hill, crush our way through alders, emerge finally into mud and waist high grass, apparently unprofaned by human foot since last season. Nimrod grunts with satisfaction. "Nobody here this year." We silently thank all the red gods.

With hands that tremble with eagerness we set up our rods, adjust our tackle. Crouching behind a screen of bushes, I gaze at the dark still surface of the pool. Out moves the leader. See how quickly the answer comes. The line quivers, moves undecidedly, suddenly darts through the

water as the trout makes up his mind. I set the hook. The bamboo bends. Like a meteor a silver flash cuts the pool as the fish breaks water.

"A nice one," says Nimrod, kneeling with one foot in the brook, landing net in hand. Presently the trout lies on the bank, and we pause a moment to admire his incomparable colors: black and gold, bands of orange, dabs of flaming scarlet. The magic hues will soon fade in the light of common day. Only the angler has ever really seen the gorgeous symphony of a trout's colorings.

Now we settle in earnest to fishing. The radiant morning passes. The sun fills the air with the thick fragrance of evergreens. The sky is a dark blue over which lazy white clouds sail. About us spreads the silent, inscrutable wilderness, but to-day it smiles. Even the grim spruces assume an ethereal air, their harsh tops softened to the beauty of old Gothic spires.

We move cautiously up and down the edges of the pool. There is no spot where one may sit or stand in comfort. Our wet clothes cling about our legs. We are completely, ecstatically happy. All the puzzles, compromises, half tones of existence have ceased to be. Without effort we have for once attained the heart of the mystery. Life can yield no more.

In the golden, languorous noon we finally draw back from the stream. We have taken some twenty trout.

"Not so bad," I observe. We both run to Anglo-Saxon under-statement.

"Just as well to give the water a rest," says Nimrod. We lean our rods against the alders and retire to the dry hillside. Again we eat hugely: sandwiches, hard boiled eggs, oranges. Nimrod savors slowly his thermos of coffee. I find that my soothing briar never tasted sweeter. We relax a while, drenched in sunlight.

We give the pool another two hours of careful, silent fishing. We gaze appraisingly at the sun. (Watches form no part of this day.)

Reluctantly we move down the stream toward its junction with the river. The chuckle of rapids pierces the brooding quiet; the surface of the water flashes a million diamonds in the afternoon sun. In the pool just below the junction of the two streams we find half a dozen trout. But time is inexorably passing. We head down the river stopping to drop a line in a likely looking pool now and again. We are rewarded by a few additional trout.

We are utterly alone in a world of sun saturated afternoon peace. We sympathize with the eaters of the lotus. If we had that chance, here and now, could we refuse? As the shadows graciously lengthen, we find the broken beaver dam.

Across the river in the bracken dotted clearing, we remove our now

heavy creels, and stretch out a moment on the grass. Soothed by the stream's voice, we dream for a bit.

Nimrod rouses himself.

"I must try the spring hole before we quit," he announces. "Suppose you count the fish." He disappears in the alders. Presently I join him. We have taken forty-five trout. Five more would be the legal limit. We are satisfied. In truth our cups are running over. We lay down our rods and amuse ourselves with the antics of a school of tiny trout who are luxuriating in the cold water of the spring outlet.

Presently we seek that spring itself, drink long and deeply, and take up the trail. The sun has dipped behind the trees when we finally emerge from the forest and greet the faithful car. We eat a final sandwich and climb in. There is no more need for speed.

We are utterly weary and supremely content.

The sun has gone to rest behind Mount Arab as we stow the duffle in the canoe. The west is flaming with the glories of a magnificent sunset. Even as we watch, the brilliant colors fade to a soft all prevailing ashes of roses. Twilight begins to fall.

Half way across the lake we stop paddling by mutual consent. Ahead we see the glow of lamplight in the camp where wives, families, supper and bed are awaiting us. For this once at least our women folk shall be respectfully admiring in their estimate of our prowess as humble disciples of Father Izaak.

Nimrod in the bow stretches his arms. He nods toward the light and the dark shore.

"Think we can make it?" he says with a grin.

"Just about," I respond with another grin.

We round the point in the last twilight. The first stars are peeping through the purple mantle of night. In the north the Great Bear is beginning to burn. The canoe keel grates gently on the beach.

The day is over.

Cecil Ballard Weyer

Townsend Harris

IN 1775 Edmund Burke spent his eloquence upon the numbers and the daring of American whalers; but their increase would have left him speechless in 1850. He pleaded in astonishment that the Colonies had come in a lifetime to buy as much as England had once sold to the world; but he would not himself have believed that the same Colonies, as a nation, and at the end of another lifetime, would require markets for their products outside the world, so to speak,—in its strange places. Fleets of American clippers bore the flag even into the Rising Sun, and in the Empire thereof Commodore Perry negotiated, for their comfort, two harbors and a consulate on March 31, 1854.

Six years before, a substantial New York merchant named Townsend Harris, who dealt in china, had pulled up the roots of a distinguished career, and gone to sea. Not unlikely, it was with a kind of youthful curiosity to see the land after which his stock-in-trade was named. At any rate, he did not consider forty-four too advanced an age for adventuring, and from 1848 until he was summoned to Washington in 1855, he plied the sea-roads of Oceania as an independent trader. He had a sharp eye and a clear brain for American advantage—witness his proposal dated a week before Perry's Compact that the government purchase Formosa—but, better than these, the wisdom of honorable simplicity, and the sympathy of a rich mind and a generous heart for all mankind, and at a later time, especially for Japan.

St. Francis Xavier had left Spain as missionary to the Japanese in 1549. For a century thereafter the Portugese and Dutch traded with the Empire, but Iyemitsu, shogun, or military regent, of the Tokugawa clan, exterminated the Christians and closed the country in 1651. To open it wide President Pierce commissioned Townsend Harris by a warrant dated September 8, 1855. He was to be the first Consul-General under the Perry agreement, and Minister Plenipotentiary to come to terms with Siam and Japan.

In the Kingdom of Siam he succeeded, and on August 21, 1856 drew into Shimoda, the Consular harbor, aboard the U.S.S. "San Jacinto". Thereupon, he discovered in the course of ten days' evasion, impediment, and procrastination, that the nation to which he was accredited would, like Portia, "dote on his very absence". He was asked please to go, and declined; Commodore Armstrong of the "San Jacinto" was asked please to take him, and demurred; the Commodore was besought to carry a letter reiecting the envoy, and dissented; he was implored to write the fact himself, and said no; Harris was entreated to communicate a message from Shimoda's governor, and refused; and then, on September 2, having negatived a prayer that he would apply for his own removal, he was put in a Shinto temple, and left to watch the "San

Jacinto" cast off two days later. On September 4 he raised his Consular Emblem, and noted in his diary these words: "Grave reflections. Ominous of change. Undoubted beginning of the end. Query—if for the real good of Japan?" That was the great-hearted gentleman who founded *The Free Academy* speaking.

Now, any progress which the envoy might make towards striking a bargain would be in the face of this coldness towards himself; of the formidable seclusion and suspicion of the Shogunate; of the trader's Dutch, most of it two centuries old, which was the only European language known to the Japanese, and to interpret which Townsend Harris had brought Henry Heusken from New York; and of the tenuous rights accorded the consul-general by the charter under which he was acting. For example, his movements were limited to seven Japanese miles in the sorry bight of Shimoda. And to these embarrassments were to be added wretched health, and practical abandonment by his government for a little more than a year, without instructions, news, or supplies. Yet resolution tempered with tact, and dignity armed with plain-speaking, won through every renitency, until on June 17, ten months after his arrival, he signed a Convention establishing Consular rights of modern force and effect, settling a rate of exchange which valued the dollar at three times what was allowed when he came, and incorporating the advantages of intervening Dutch and Russian protocols. But the greatest labor was ahead, for he was charged to deliver the President's letter to the Tycoon, and to conclude a treaty of commerce. So he steeled himself to penetrate the dark and mysterious Yedo, where the secret Shogun, sometimes called the Tycoon, had his esoteric being, and whence issued his silent couriers conveying his arcane decrees.

For two months more he toiled, always polite but firm and forthright, through five-hour parleys abundant with lie upon lie and denial after denial. His persistence exhausted all excuses, though he never used a threat, and on September 25, 1857, an audience of the Shogun was granted. His triumphal cavalcade passed purple Fujiyama, snow-capped in the sunlight, and entered Yedo, now called Tokyo, on November 30, and on December 7 he was received with honor by the Shogun. At that moment he verified his suspicion that the Shogun was really a dim shade of the past, and that a Council composed of court nobility and of feudal daimios, ruled the Empire. The Mikado, known as "the Spiritual Emperor", who dwelt at Kioto, was to recover his authority by the Revolution of 1868. Immediately Townsend Harris began to treat with the Council of State, predicated as the basis of discussion the residence of a diplomat at Yedo, freedom of trade without government supervision, and the opening of more harbors; and at the same time representing frankly the organization of the modern commercial world, and the merit of dealing peacefully with a lone agent, as against eventual submission to armed force such as China had experienced. Point by point concessions were gained, the Princes of Shinano and of Higo, with whom he dealt, growing to trust him, and to confide in him that his enemy, and Japan's, were the daimios. On July 29, 1858, the three ambassadors signed the Townsend Harris Treaty of

Commerce aboard the U.S.S. "Powhatan", and Commodore Tatnall hoisted the Japanese and American ensigns to a salute of twenty-one guns.

From then until the early summer of 1862 he stayed on the ground as Resident-Minister while Japan decided her destiny. Riot and bloodshed accompanied the opening of the ports. Townsend Harris was himself in grave danger, but he kept the faith with the few far-seeing Japanese who were counting on him, even when the faithful Heusken was murdered on January 14, 1861, and the foreign consuls fled the city. But the rest, he felt, would be Japan's story, as it is, and he resigned to President Lincoln, because of ill-health and years. Sixteen of them were left him, however,

*"And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends"*

were gathered to him in full measure. On February 25, 1878 he died in the peace which he had so well earned.

We at Townsend Harris Hall have an intimate concern with, and a grateful interest in, the adventurous story of this gallant man. At the climax of that earlier career which he had broken off to voyage in the China seas, he had, as President of the Board of Education, and of his own motion, proposed the application of a state bounty called the Literature Fund to the establishment of a Free Academy or College, to teach the useful arts and sciences to boys without means. By the generous devotion to the cause of his tongue, his pen, his personality, and his money, he carried his fight against conservative old New York, which was as suspicious of free higher education as the Japanese daimios later were of the modern world. He saw the Act of Establishment through the legislature on May 7, 1847, and through the referendum to the people of New York City a month later. The College of The City of New York, once "The Free Academy", has reached an age in law of eighty-two years. Our debt to him is great, but our duty to acknowledge it a proud and pleasant one. Affectionately we cherish the memory of Townsend Harris, educator, publicist, ambassador, first friend and godfather of one of the first of modern nations, and our own peculiar benefactor.

JAMES E. FLYNN

Organizations

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Organizations

TOWNSEND Harris Hall itself is an organization, and so is every part of Harris, whether it be a class, a club, a publication, or a recitation section; but only the clubs and publications are thought of as organizations, because they are student-controlled and student-evolved, as well as because of their age as independent organisms.

Just as a corporation receives its charter from the state, the clubs receive theirs from the General Organization. Only the Arista is an exception to this rule, as it well may be because of its aristocratic character, goal, as it is, of the lower classmen, and unfulfilled dream of many, many upper classmen. For, to this unique and respected group, only a chosen few can be admitted. The organizations, then, branch into two divisions: publications and clubs. At the head of the first division is this book, then the "Stadium," then the class and club papers. The other division is the more extensive one. Here one may find clubs with every kind of interest. Religion, politics, fine arts, sciences, literature, and languages are all included.

These organizations are vitally important to Townsend Harris students, for they provide welcome mental relaxation for the overworked mind, and call into play those faculties which are dulled by routine plodding. It is only too true that "The most benumbing thing to intellect is routine," and discussions, talks, and debates break the monotony of constant concentration. The student who faithfully attends weekly meetings naturally assumes a part of the responsibility which would otherwise be borne by the club officers. After a time, the constant member takes pride in his group, and does his best to attract new members, to further its interests, and in every conceivable way, to add new lustre to an already shining name. This ability to bear responsibility is an invaluable asset in later struggles. It is this same deep-rooted interest which impels the student to unite with his fellows in placing his club in the limelight; without his generous support, the group would face extinction and oblivion.

We sincerely trust that the following resume will cause all non-participants in extra-curricular work to rectify their error before it is too late; and let us urge those already occupied in outside work to persevere with unflagging interest, so that they may continue to be of service to the school, and to reap the benefits to be obtained from a sound training in leadership.



G. Goodkind



C. Ordman



G. McDermott



S. Mothner



H. Friedman



L. Mothner



M. Hellinger



R. Robinson



H. Stern



C. Oris



S. Sindeland

General Organization

AT the beginning of this term's period of activity, Prof. Falion, while inducting the elected officers of the G. O., said: "I urge you, who represent the student body, to participate actively and continuously in student affairs." now, after five months of industrious and efficient administration, the members of the council may well boast of their excellent work on behalf of Harris, and of the splendid fashion in which, they have fulfilled Prof. Falion's wishes and expectations.

Committees, appointed at the first business meeting, functioned swiftly and smoothly throughout the term, disposing of their affairs efficiently and satisfactorily. This result of careful selection by the president was not unexpected, since each man was elected by the students, who thus voiced their confidence in him.

Among the numerous tournaments conducted this term, the outstanding ones were the debating and association football contests, supervised by the non-athletic and athletic committees, respectively. The club committee did much to remedy the general run-down condition of the organizations, which are gradually succumbing to an epidemic of indifference on the part of the students.

However, if Mr. Martin, chairman of the Faculty G. O., had not always been on hand to advise and assist the council, all the efforts of the officers would have been in vain. Working hand in hand, the F. G. O. and the G. O. accomplished many arduous tasks, which would have been left undone without such perfect co-operation.

The officers, who so ably guided the student body along its predetermined path, were:

LEOPOLD MOTHNER	<i>President</i>
GEORGE McDERMOTT	<i>Vice-President</i>
HAROLD H. FRIEDMAN	<i>Secretary</i>
SAMUEL MOTHNER	<i>Treasurer</i>

Club Delegate
NATHANIEL ORIS

Athletic Delegate
GILBERT GOODKIND
ALAN HEWITT,
(pro. tem.)

Non-Athletic Delegate
RICHARD ROBINSON

Class Representatives

MONROE HELLINGER	U. A.	ARTHUR STERN	L. B.
CHARLES ORDMAN	L. A.	MAX KAPLAN	U. C.
SEYMOUR SINDEBAND	U. B.	MARTIN CRAMOY	L. C.



H. Graetz



M. Hellinger



S. Folins



S. Russo



H. Rosen



G. Goodkind



L. Friedman



S. Gross



H. Hewitt



S. Sindeband



N. Goldreich

Stadium

THERE is a certain glamor about the publication of our school weekly. To the ordinary student, the Stadium represents the result of the combined efforts of several students and of a printer. It is. But they do not know of the excitement and pleasure of getting it up. News, from interviewing people to dummyming the paper and doing the various other things attendant upon the publication of an issue, is fascinating. They cannot realize the Herculean task which the staff faces in putting out the issue. The members of the board, however, take great pleasure in this work, and they benefit markedly by the experience gained in it.

During the past terms, the Stadium has been of incalculable value in bringing to the attention of the proper authorities what it thought necessary alterations in the routine of the school. Comparatively unsuccessfully, it advocated a co-operative lunchroom, but perhaps it did slightly weaken the opposition by straightforward editorials and plain facts. What will probably be accomplished, however, as a result of the co-operation of the G. O. and Stadium, will be a reorganization of Harris clubdom, and a revival of a Harris varsity debating team. The two last mentioned matters been repeatedly brought to the attention of the student body, in order that their significance could be seen.

The gentlemen in charge of the Stadium are as follows:

Editor-in-Chief

GILBERT GOODKIND

Associate Editors

SEYMOUR A. GROSS

MELVIN GOODMAN

ABBOT ROSEN

Editorial Board

ALAN E. HEWITT

EDWARD SCHLESINGER

RICHARD STEIN

PETER KALISCHER

NATHANIEL GOLDREICH

LESTER DUNDES

Business Board

STANLEY RUSSO *Business Manager*

LOUIS L. FRIEDMAN *Assistant Bus. Mgr.*

STEPHEN TOLINS *Advertising Manager*

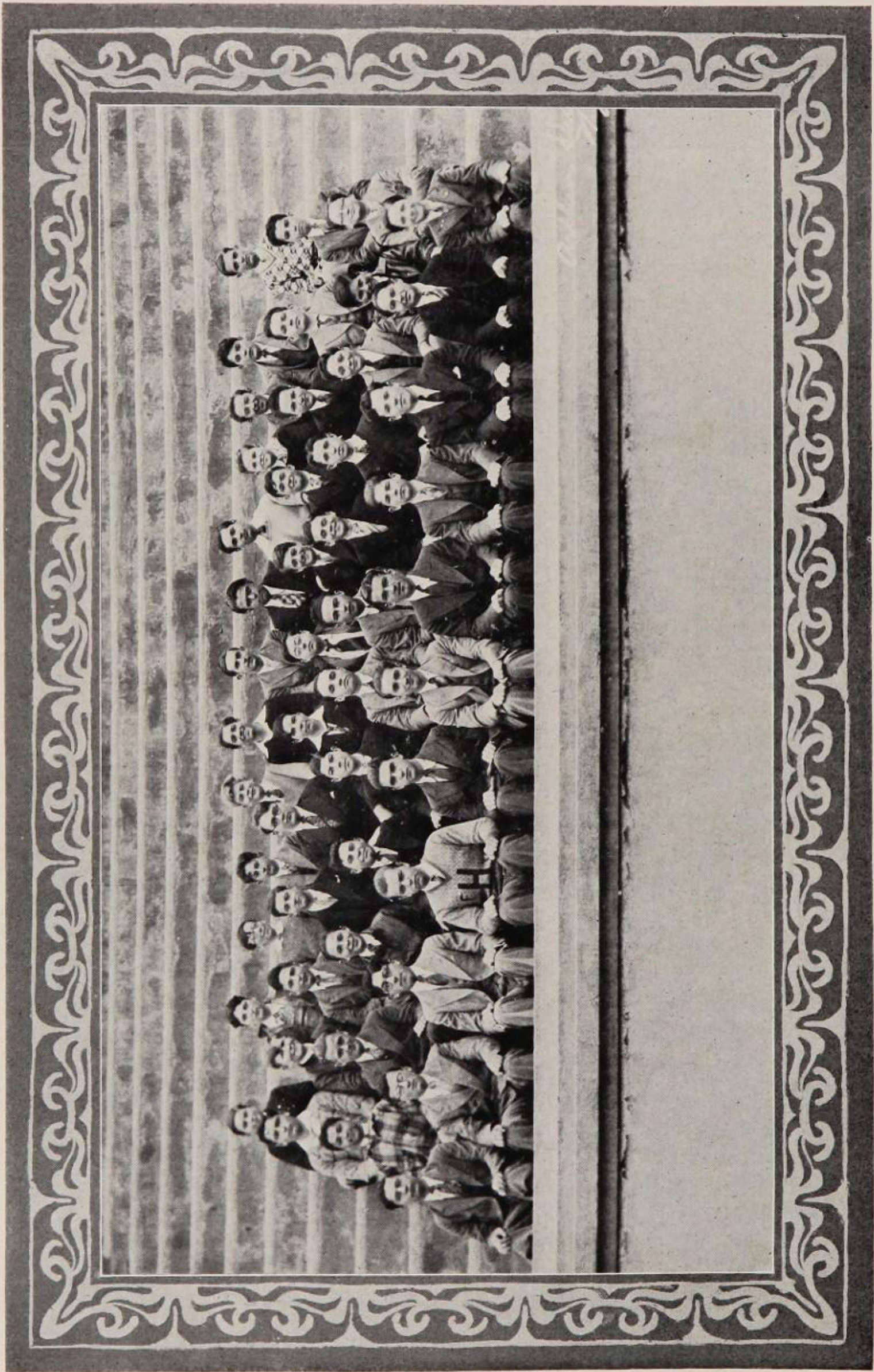
ADOLPH GRAETZ *Circulation Manager*

SEYMOUR J. SINDEBAND *Assistant*

Faculty Board of Publications

MR. R. H. ALLES

MR. G. W. BLAKE



Traffic Department

BECAUSE an imperishable element in the character of every student of certain age impels him to break the recognized rules of an organized institution such as Townsend Harris, there arises the necessity of a guiding force. It is found in the smoothly-working organization known to us as the Traffic Department.

That such a combination of students can be controlled in the fine and efficient manner that it is to-day, is a matter that occasions much wonder. However, the scheme is sound as well as simple, because, just as the students delight in breaking the rules, so they unconsciously submit to the sometimes stern rule of their friends. It is the old game of "hide and seek," in a more elaborate and dignified manner, with the "seek" partisans usually coming out on top.

As is the case with all organizations, the Traffic Department is supervised by a member of the faculty, Mr. Chastney. Through his aid the department has become almost indispensable for the purpose of controlling the corridors during fire drills and Arista inductions. As the head, on the student side, of this organization, is the Chief, rather impressively designated, perhaps, but, nevertheless, as supreme as the title implies. Next in rank is the Recorder, who keeps a record of the activities of each member of the department. The entire organization is divided into three companies, each under the direction of a captain. The first of these is Company A which, in turn, divided into three platoons, each under the supervision of a Lieutenant, patrols the stairways and the corridors, during intermissions between classes. The last two, Companies B and C, are divided into two platoons each and patrol the corridors and lockers during the lunch hour.

Promotion in rank is based solely on the merit of the member himself; and the officers who have led the Traffic Department so well as to earn the approbation of the Director this term, are:

<i>Chief</i>	STANLEY RUSSO
<i>Recorder</i>	ALBERT HIRT

COMPANY A

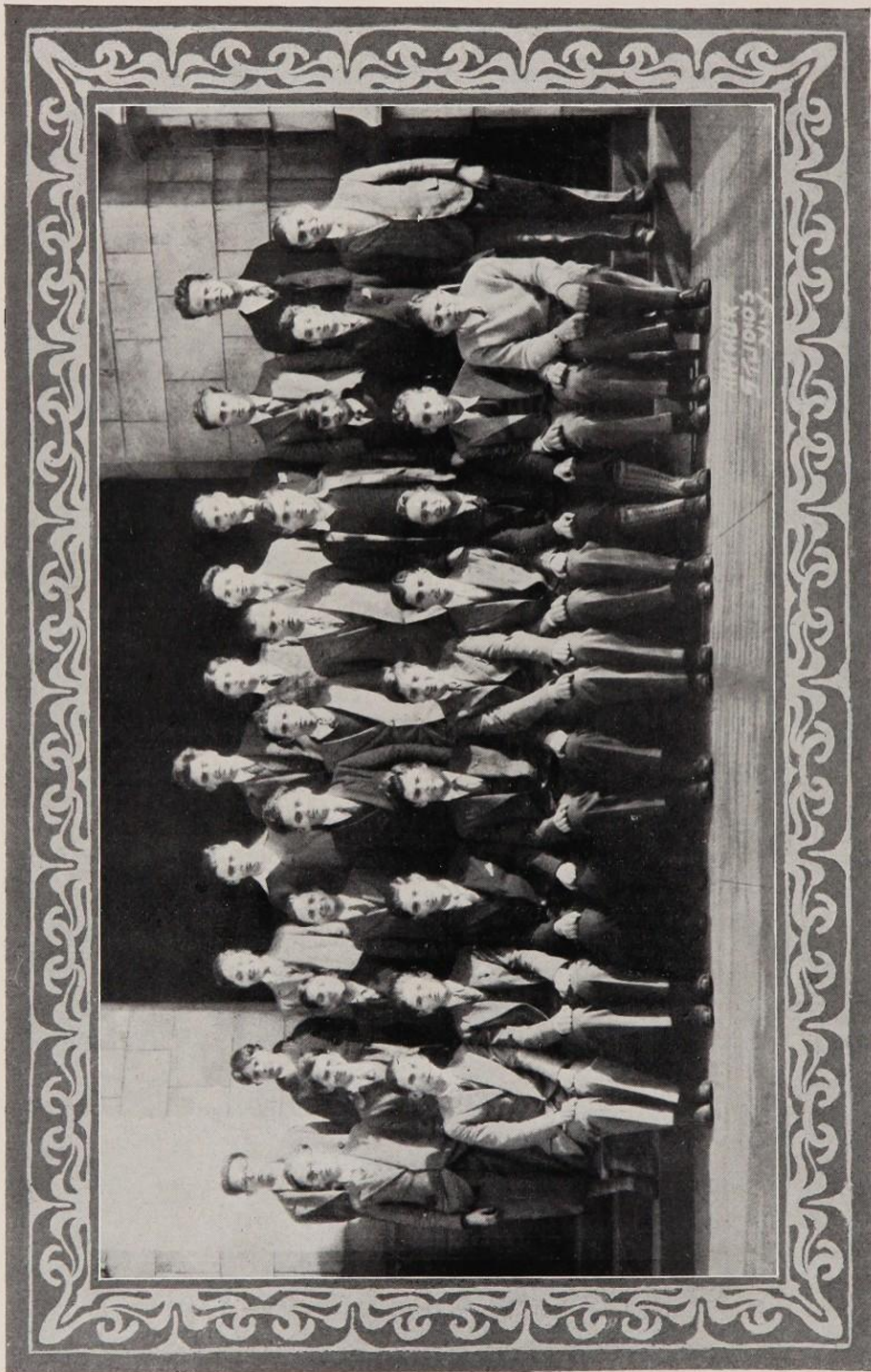
<i>Captain</i>	ALAN E. HEWITT
<i>Lieutenants</i>	E. DAVIS, A. ROSEN, C. ORDMAN

COMPANY B

<i>Captain</i>	SAUL LEVY
<i>Lieutenants</i>	B. SCHWARTZBERG, S. GOLDBERG

COMPANY C

<i>Captain</i>	RAYMOND GREENE
<i>Lieutenants</i>	S. SINDEBAND, A. NERKIN



Hatikvah Society

THE Hatikvah Society, whose object it is to advance the interests of Judaism, and to instill into the daily life of the Jewish student a modicum of feeling for his race, was not quite up to the mark set by last term's record-breaking group. However, taking into consideration the perceptible diminution of interest and enrolment in clubs, the Hatikvah Society did remarkably well. It maintained its high standard of efficiency, and its programs were participated in by almost all its members, and its enrolment list was shortened but slightly.

As an outgrowth of a movement begun last term, the Hatikvah Society definitely decided not to affiliate itself with any organization, whether denominational or not. Attempts to induce the Hatikvah Society to their ranks were made by many nationally known Jewish organizations, but the Society took a firm stand, and refused to surrender its individuality. In this society of Hebrew youth, the members were at liberty to express their sentiments on any subject at all; denunciatory and laudatory opinions were equally voiced, and it was this impartiality that gave the club its good name.

Jewish culture and folk-lore also found their way into the weekly discussions, and many interesting points in this phase of Hebrew life were brought up by Dr. Klein, the faculty adviser. Other members of the faculty, including Messrs. Fitzpatrick and Wechsler, delivered extremely interesting and enlightening talks.

The club paper, the "Chronicle," appeared fairly regularly, edited by two lower-classmen, who performed creditably during their first term as editors. There is no doubt, however, that these two enthusiastic clubmen will turn out a better publication next semester, and that they will be able to improve upon their work, until it assumes once more its position as "best club paper in Harris."

The officers, to whom so much credit is due for their management of affairs, were:

FRANK GREENWALD	<i>President</i>
HAROLD H. FRIEDMAN	<i>Vice-President</i>
MORTIMER H. COHEN	<i>Sec'y-Treasurer</i>
NATHANIEL H. GOLDREICH	<i>Pub. Manager</i>



Current History Club

AFTER having maintained their individuality for many terms, the Current Events and History Clubs have merged, adopted a new name, written a new constitution, and have begun to function along new lines under the general supervision of Mr. Landman. The History Club definitely decided to have only faculty speakers address the society, and it was due largely to this policy that the club gained its present popularity, for faculty talks are invariably received with more enthusiasm than student talks, and with good reason.

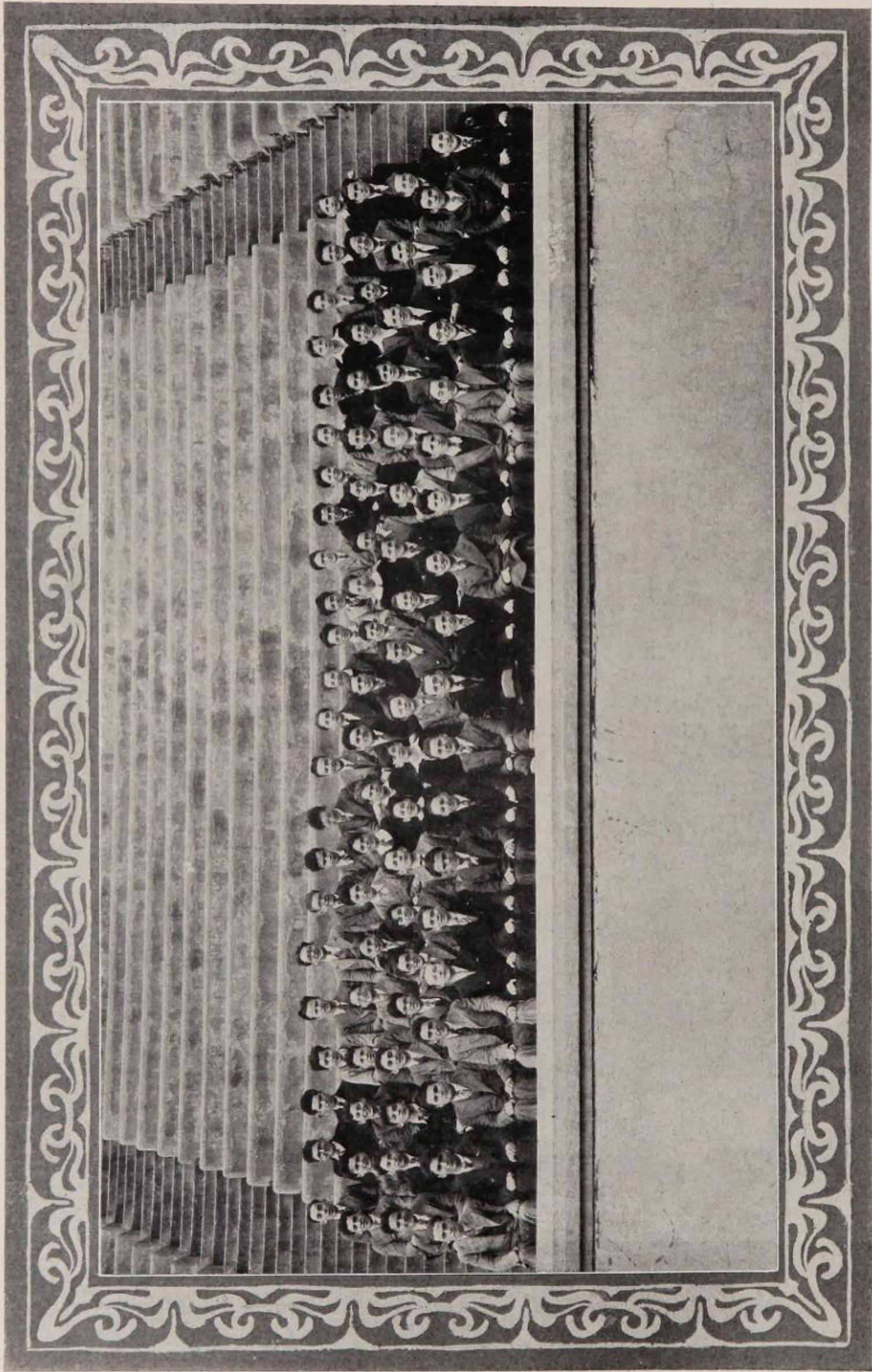
As usual, the club members were the mainstays of the Harris representation in the "Biggest News of the Week Contest" sponsored by the "Evening World," and in which practically every school in the city competes. The excellent standing of Harris in the final reckoning may be credited to the fact that each and every topic of any importance was exhaustively discussed by the members of the society in open forum, and many valuable remarks were made as to the importance of various topics. An added aid to aspirants toward contest prizes was the manner in which faculty speakers touched on the topics which warranted consideration as "big" news events. However, the greatest benefit to be derived from participation in this city-wide contest is a complete knowledge of current events, which is a valuable asset on the State Board of Regents' examinations, since almost one-fifth of that test is based on important topics of the day.

It may be safely asserted that, if this club did not present the best programs, it certainly presented the most interesting ones. The subjects discussed at its meetings were of daily importance, subjects of which one reads in the newspapers; thus one is brought to a clearer understanding of the endless round of outstanding happenings in the world outside.

May we take this opportunity to congratulate Messrs. Rosenblueth, Hurwitz, and Schnitt, all of Upper A, on their splendid work in capturing money prizes in the "Biggest News of the Week Contest."

The officers who worked so zealously for the success of the club were:

LEON THIEL	President
BERNARD SEIGFRIED	Vice-President
ROBERT KORNSTEIN	Secretary
JONAS SALK	Treasurer
MORTIMER HIRSCH	Program Mgr.
HERBERT ISENBERG	Publicity Mgr.



German Club

TRAMPLING roughshod over the reputations of other leading clubs, the German Club has, by dint of untiring, unceasing efforts, forged to the front, and has established itself as the best club in Harris. That mythical title may well be bestowed upon this highly successful organization for the manner in which it held its own, and even drove back, the onrushing tide of oblivion which is steadily engulfing the numerous Harris societies. A fatal indifference has set in, and is stealthily sapping the life-blood of our clubs, but the German Club has banished this evil from its midst by a series of carefully prepared and well-delivered programs during the current semester.

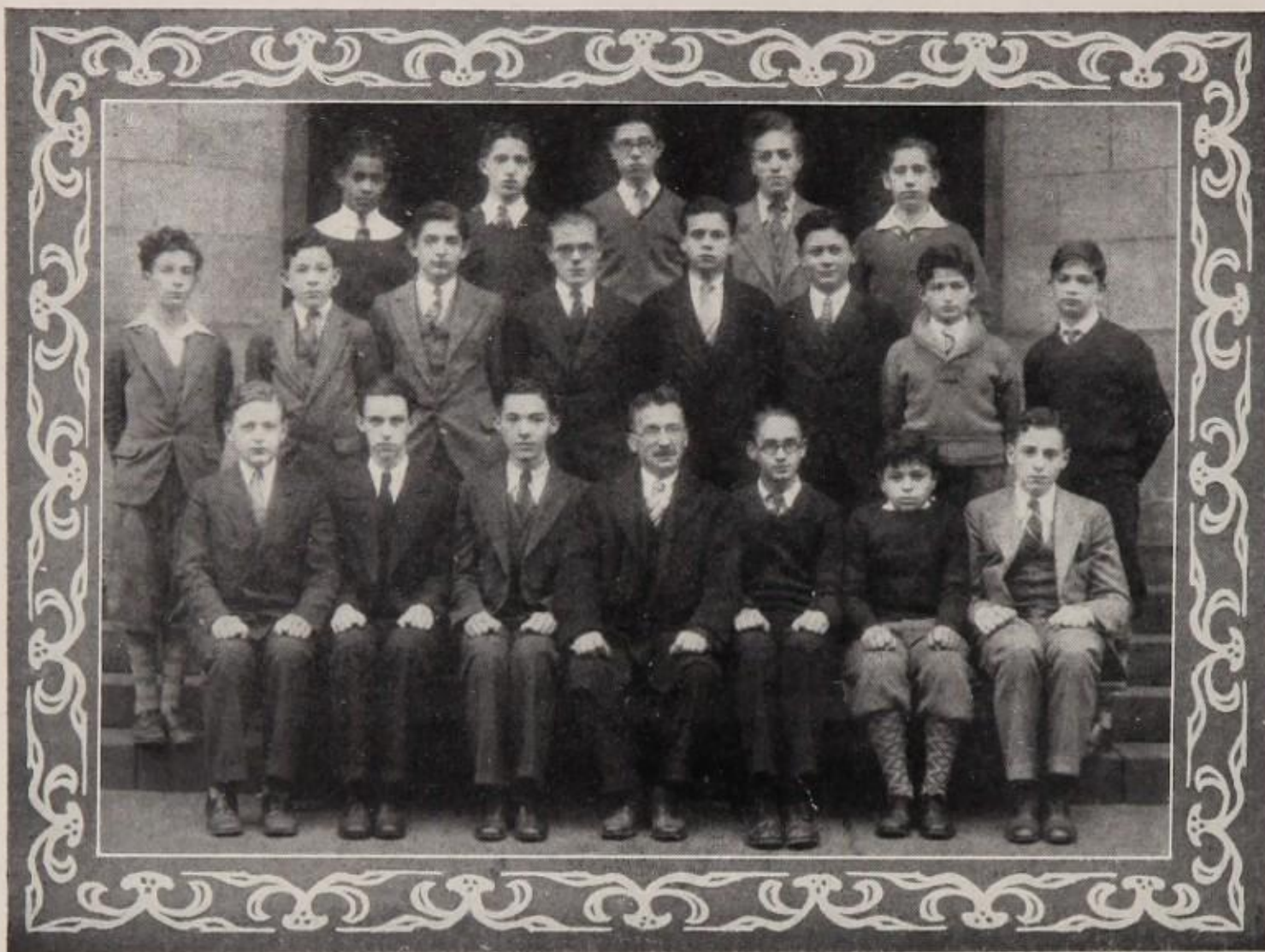
Much of the phenomenal success of the club is due to the energetic efforts of the new faculty adviser, Mr. Taub, who advised, assisted, and instructed the club officers. The meetings were conducted in an orderly fashion, parliamentary procedure being the rule, and undivided attention was given the speaker at all times, which greatly facilitated the completion of scheduled programs. In spite of the enormous enrolment, which was estimated at one hundred and six, the officers showed much executive ability, for which feat much praise is due them.

The major social function of the semester was a pretzel and beer feast, held in honor of Mr. Heynich, who was obliged to resign from his position as faculty adviser because of the pressure of departmental business. Since there was a plentiful supply of beer, pretzels, and, last but not least, speeches, a very jolly and enjoyable time was had by all the members.

"Der Beobachter," the club paper, appeared regularly, being published in correct German and excellent English. The articles contained in it were carefully prepared and equally carefully selected, and furnished excellent reading.

It is gratifying to note the rapid growth of this club, and we sincerely trust that Mr. Taub finds it a source of pride, as all true members of Harris should. The officers who were instrumental in raising the club to its present rank were:

MORTON STERN	President
SHELDON SENFT	Vice-President
LEWIS ULLMAN	Secretary
LEROY VANDAM	Publicity Mgr.



French Club

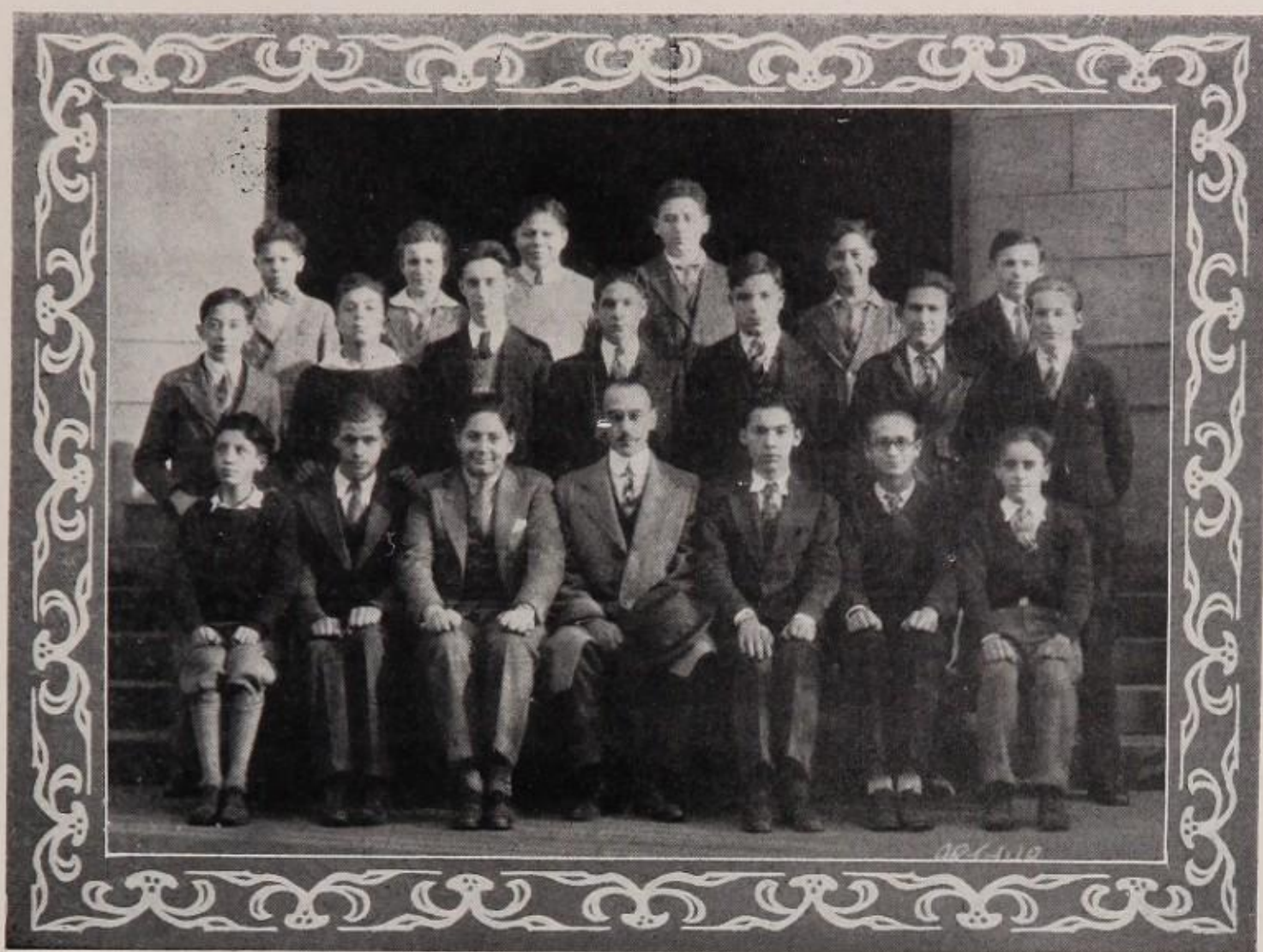
THAT the French Club this term made a strong bid for the leadership of Harris clubdom is evidenced by its industrious, untiring efforts to popularize the French language.

This group initiated a very novel plan in its weekly meetings, in that it endeavored in every possible way to make true Frenchmen of its members,—Frenchmen in the sense that they realized the beauties which lie hidden under a dismaying exterior in the ancient French tongue, the remarkable similarity between that language and English, and the inestimable value of French in business transactions. In addition to holding the formal part of the meetings in French, the officers even went so far as to teach the members French songs and to produce French plays.

Interesting programs continued to advance the organization in the estimation of Harris students. The club owed much of its success to the inspiring presence of Dr. Rougier, its faculty adviser, at the majority of meetings.

The officers this terms were:

AMADO CANTON	President
OSCAR HASKELL	Vice-President
ABRAHAM SLUTSKY	Secretary



Spanish Club

QUIETLY, yet industriously, the Spanish Club wended its way through the colorful literature of that once great empire, Spain.

The very spirit of the Spanish tongue seemed to pervade the weekly gatherings, where the members read Spanish literature, worked Spanish cross-word puzzles, or listened to Spanish lectures with a pleasing and homelike influence.

The Spanish Club did not confine its activities to students of Spanish. The whole school witnessed the beautiful exhibition of Spanish works of art, which was posted on the bulletin board.

A very familiar figure at the gatherings and one to whom much of the club's success is due was Mr. Martel, the faculty adviser. His congenial spirit and helpful suggestions were most beneficial to the organization.

The officers who co-operated so well with Mr. Martel in making the club successful were:

AMADO CANTON	President
ARNOLD PICKER	Vice-President
RALPH HERRERA	Secretary



Italian Club

IN SPITE of the fact that it occupies a comparatively obscure position in Harris clubdom, the Italian Club is by no means in a state of inactivity. Although there is a paucity of students studying Italian, the group is augmented every term by the addition of new linguistic experts who are attracted by the entertaining programs.

This organization adopted, to a certain degree, the plan put into effect by its brother-society, the French Club. Most of the club's programs were composed of purely Italian numbers, and it is to the credit of the members that they adhered firmly to their original purpose, in spite of a rather disheartening beginning. Praise is due in a large measure to Mr. Pei, the faculty adviser, whose presence and whose splendid renditions of Italian works attracted many new members. Discussions were held at every meeting, most of which were concerned with the beauty of the Italian tongue. Another point which was greatly stressed was the musical quality of the language.

The conscientious and zealous officers of the Italian Club were:

FRANK MIGLIONICO	President
FRANCIS DI FRANCO	Vice-President
NICHOLAS MIRABITO	Secretary
ARTHUR DONNELLY	Publicity Mgr.



Library Squad

IN THEIR roles as guardians of our hundreds of books, our school library Squad is one of the most important organizations in Townsend Harris. It is easy to appreciate the truth of this statement when we consider the fact that this term over five hundred students used the library daily. Naturally, Miss James would not have been able to take care of the library in her customary effective fashion were it not for the aid given her by the library squad.

In the course of the term, over 150 volumes were added to the already lengthy catalogue. Moreover, the library itself was enlarged by the addition of Room 108 as a reference room. As the library increases in size the library squad will have to be enlarged, for with an increased circulation, the difficulty of maintaining its record of efficiency and service increases.

The students on the squad who so ably assisted Miss James, this term were; A. Ariessohn, E. Ariessohn, H. De Korp, L. Friedman, S. Ginsberg, N. Goldreich, G. Goodkind, L. Goldenheim, S. Gross, A. Hewitt, S. Houck, E. Koss, A. Korman, L. Narins, C. Ordman, N. Oris, M. Rothlein, D. Singer, W. Seidenberg, A. Spitz, I. Whitman, B. Wofsky.



Varsity Show

THE Varsity Show, which a few terms ago consisted of several splendidly presented playlets, lacking, however, that vital bit of appeal which is inevitably linked with the presence of girls in the cast, has gradually been altered, until now it takes the form of a single performance, generally of some popular comedy, in which male and female roles are equally distributed.

Mr. Dennett, the present coach of the play, instituted a novel plan in his attempt to make "The Whole Town's Talking" a success, in that he created two distinct casts, meticulously balancing and comparing the two, that he might choose the most talented for the remarkably successful performances on the nights of December 20 and 21. All the more thanks and appreciation are due the female members of the cast for their untiring zeal in acting their parts at every rehearsal, while the male performers played alternately.

The members of the cast who responded so splendidly to Mr. Dennett's superb coaching were the Misses Rosalind Stern, Rhona Stern, and Alice Van Wezel, and Messrs. Kadane, Hewitt, Hellinger, Wacht, Tolins, Cohen, Hack, Ernst, Hutchinson, Greene, Frische, Penzer, De Korp, Levin, Hurwitz, Simon, and Auerbach.



Dramatic Society

THE Dramatic Society is the newest organization in Harris clubdom. Founded only last term, it has, since then, been constantly climbing towards the foremost position among extra-curricular societies. These advances have not been mere pretences, but steady, determined steps to the fore.

The present society is not the first of its kind to make an appearance in Townsend Harris Hall. Since the time when Harris first opened its doors in 1905, many dramatic organizations have come and gone. This school, in the early days of its history, saw the Dramatic Society in its heyday. Then it used to produce the plays now presented at the semi-annual Varsity Show, and it took the lead in all social activities. Harris dramatics point with just pride to Walter Hampden, who first "trod the boards" in the productions of the old society.

The Dramatic Society, with only the aid of Mr. Flynn, the faculty adviser, presented "The Death Trap" before the entire school.

The officers, who built the society up to what it is now, were:

MAXWELL WEITZMAN	President
ARTHUR KLATZKIN	Vice-President
WILLIAM GIBSON	Secretary



Art Society

THE Art Society once more has responded nobly to the demands of the student body. During the past few years, it has been the custom of the members of this organization to make posters and notices for clubs and publications. This term has proved no exception, and the work of the art students may be seen in every corridor in Harris. Under the leadership of Mr. D'Andrea, faculty adviser, the club engaged in strenuous exercise with brush and paint, and the results of its activities were manifold.

One of the greatest services performed by the Art Society was that of providing skilled members for the staff of the "Crimson and Gold." Naturally, pleasing art work is essential to the success of any book. Thus, laboring incessantly under the able guidance of Mr. D'Andrea, the Art staff contributed much to the popularity and success of this book.

The officers, who led the club to the higher pinnacle of Harris clubdom, were:

EMANUEL KNOBLOWITZ	President
FRANK SHAPIRO	Vice-President
LEROY VANDAM	Sec'y-Treasurer
RALPH HERRERA	Publicity Mgr.



Aero Club

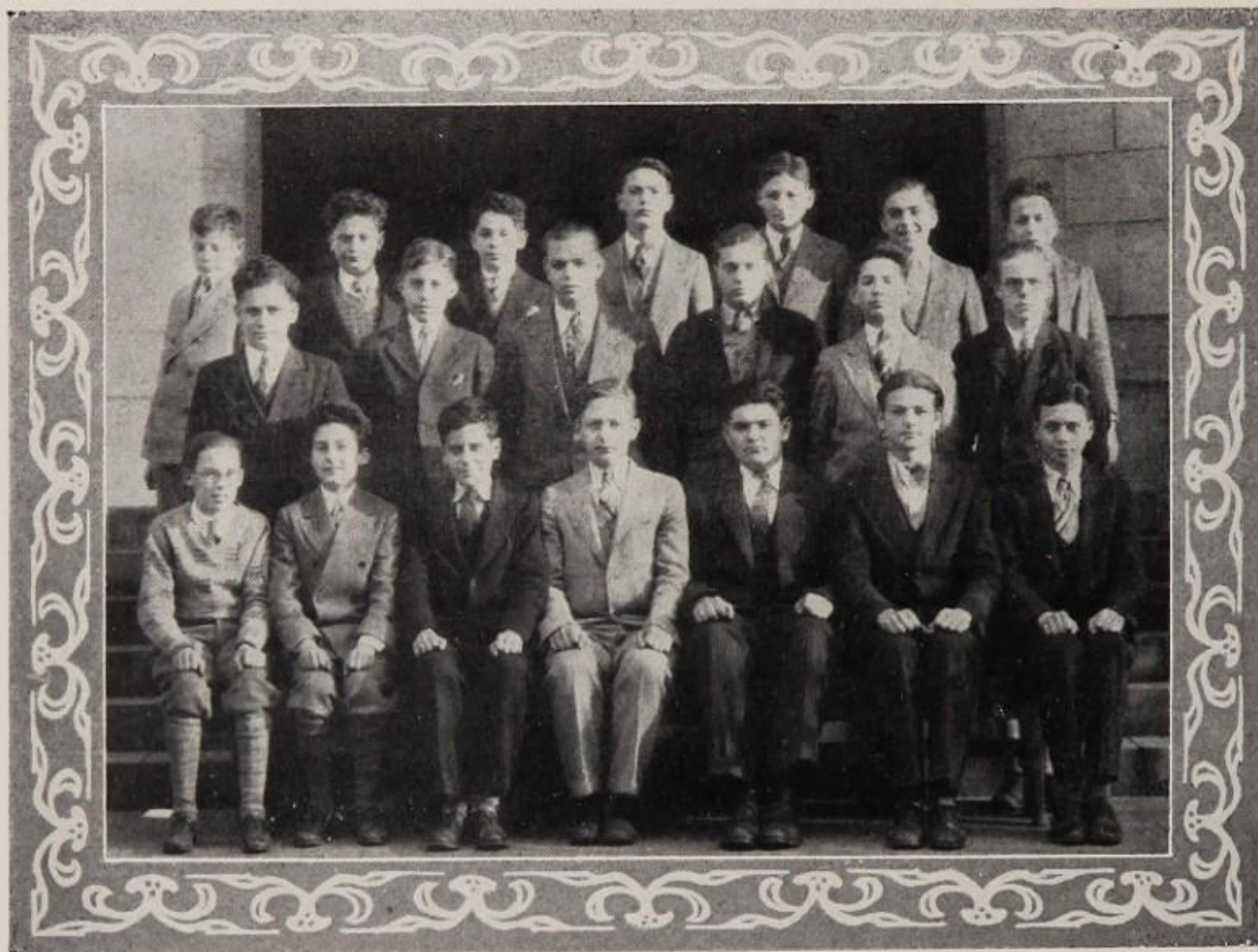
UNDER the expert guidance of Mr. Banister, the Aero Club, although it was formed only last semester, became one of the most popular organizations in Harris.

At its meetings, students discussed makes of airplanes and motors, and modern trends in aviation. They were even taught how to build airplanes and, at the end of the term, a model plane contest was held. One of the members of the club, John Hauser, was sent by the American Aviation Corps to represent them at a national model airplane flying contest which was held at Utica, New York. Through this unusual honor, and through many other fine accomplishments of the club as a whole, the Aero Club has gained for itself much deserved prestige.

The "Aero Beacon," which was edited by a capable staff, was one of the best club papers of the term.

The officers were:

NORMAN MARENGO	President
MARVIN COHEN	Vice-President
PAUL RABUT	Secretary
JOHN HAUSER	Treasurer
HERBERT ISENBERG	Publicity Mgr.



Science Club

THE Science Club based its programs on the assumption that a few active members are worth a great deal more than many uninterested ones. In accordance with this idea, the club functioned with but a few devoted club-goers, and, surprisingly, this plan was so successful that the club finally drew a larger membership than it has had for many semesters, and it was, consequently, able to accomplish many formerly impossible things.

Besides the regular meetings, which were given over to discussions of scientific topics, the club, in conjunction with the New York Edison Company, produced several moving pictures which had great informative value. One of the main features of the club's activities was its well-arranged, well-attended series of visits to such points of interest as Stations WEAJ and WNYC, Sheffield Farms' Pasteurizing plant, the Museum of Peaceful Arts, and the Edison power-house.

The officers this term were:

STANLEY MATTHYSSE	President
MAURICE KAUFMAN	Vice-President
JOSEPH KOPPEL	Secretary
MILTON SANDBERG	Program Mgr.
ALEXANDER TREST	Publicity Mgr.



English Literary Society

SEVERAL terms ago, the English Literary Society, having emerged from the obscurity and oblivion into which it had sunk, rose to a position of prominence in Harris clubdom. However, as is natural in the course of events, it retrograded rapidly, only to start once more on its upward path, sweeping aside all its companion derelicts, and the credit for its upward march is due largely to Mr. Denner, the club's faculty adviser, and to his assistants, the club officers. There yet remain many difficulties to be overcome before the group resumes its important position in the daily life of the average Harris student.

The Society's Paper, the "Literary Lantern," although not up to last year's mark, was published fairly regularly and contained information of general interest.

The officers who tried so zealously to further the club's interests last term were:

ISADORE HALSBAND	President
JAMES HELLINGER	Vice-President
HENRY HIRSCHBERG	Secretary
JAMES ISENBERG	Publicity Manager
HENRY HIRTZBERG	Program Manager



Fine Arts Society

ALTHOUGH it, too, lost some of its influence because of the general decline of club life in Harris, the Fine Arts Society once more was successful in its effort to provide the student body with exquisite classical music.

Although hampered for a whole month by the breakdown of the piano, which stands in the Study Hall as a tangible token of the loyalty and co-operation of the students, the club had several concerts. The pieces played were carefully chosen, as usual, from the works of the old masters, as the officers were obliged to consider each number in regard to its appeal to student audiences.

The society also sponsored a symposium called "The Fine Art of Various Cultures," which was engaged in by the Spanish, German, French, and Hatikvah Societies. Joint meetings with these clubs and with other organizations were held, and were attended and enjoyed by large numbers of enthusiastic clubgoers.

The offices this term were held by:

ALAN E. HEWITT	President
FRANK GREENWALD	Vice-President
MORTIMER H. COHEN	Secretary



Chess and Checker Club

THE Chess and Checker Club, this term, no longer held meetings at which formalities and technicalities occupied a great part of the time allotted to the meeting. At most of the gatherings the president dispensed with the customary procedure, so that the members might devote the whole of their time to their matches. This informal part of the meeting was carried on in a quiet and orderly way, capably supervised by Mr. Robinson, the faculty adviser, and the president.

A faculty tournament was held to determine the successor to the title left vacant by Dr. Pearl's departure. An inter-class tournament, several rapid-transit affairs, and an individual contest were engaged in by club members. To further the interests of the organization, members of the Varsity Chess Team volunteered their services and conducted classes for beginners. "The Pawnshop" appeared fairly regularly, and contained articles of general interest.

The officers who led the club this term were:

ROBERT EPSTEIN	President
SIDNEY SHERIFF	Vice-President
ALVIN SPITZ	Secretary
ADOLPH GRAETZ	Publicity Mgr.



Stamp and Coin Club

THAT which appears to the layman's eyes to be a mere rectangular scrap of paper becomes, in the eyes of a true stamp collector, the history of a certain period. Coins bearing the marks of countless hands and innumerable exchanges find their way into the covetous hands of these whole-hearted fanatics. Absolutely devoted to their hobbies to the exclusion of all else, the members of the Stamp and Coin Club are, nevertheless, eager to acquire a large membership.

Unlike most other clubs, the meetings of this unique organization are conducted along entirely informal lines, thus enabling the collectors to devote their time to discussions and trades. Most of the gatherings held this term were featured by impromptu discussions of newly-issued stamps and coins, and of old, time-worn articles, while many extemporaneous speeches were made on the same fascinating subjects. After these discourses, the members separated into small groups, and eager hands sought new acquisitions. This trading generally continued until the close of the meeting. Mr. Begg ably performed his duties as faculty adviser, while the excellent officers were:

ARSENE BEKAERT	President
MAX SCHOENFELD	Vice-President
JEROME COHEN	Sec'y-Treasurer
WALTER COHEN	Publicity Mgr.



Law and Debating Society

DUE to the loss of its faculty adviser, Mr. Dyer, the Law and Debating Society was temporarily hampered, but, under the leadership of Mr. Mandeville, the club soon gained momentum, and was functioning smoothly by the middle of the term.

The purpose of this society is to educate its members in the intricacies of the law. In this it has, after delving into complexities of the law far removed from the present, achieved a marked success.

The club has now, and will have in the future, an added incentive for regular and orderly meetings, because, in accordance with a ruling made by the Faculty G. O., a debating team is to be organized under the supervision of Mr. Dyer. It naturally follows that the Law and Debating Society will be expected to develop in its members all the latent talents they possess.

The officers were:

NATHANIEL ORIS	President
WILLIAM SEIDENBERG	Vice-President
EDWARD WENDKOSS	Treasurer
HAROLD BRAND	Publicity Mgr.



Algebra Squad

ALTHOUGH much time elapsed before the Algebra Squad was organized, it has responded nobly to the strenuous efforts of its faculty coach, Mr. Newman. The team has met regularly, twice a week, and has practiced diligently, until it has reached fine form. Due to the absence of veteran material, no interscholastic matches were engaged in. However, the group has been molded into a fine team, with Kadane as captain, and Greenbaum as manager. The other members of the team were Matthyse, Schnitt, Dodes, and Koff.

Math Society

This term, under the able guidance of Mr. Carrie, the Math Society has gone on its way unmindful of disturbing interruptions. It followed its prescribed course and held many interesting meetings, at which were discussed many problems bothersome to students of the science of numbers.

The officers who conducted the society's activities were:

STANLEY MATTHYSSE	President
HAROLD KAUFMAN	Vice-President
PHILIP HAMBERG	Sec'y-Treasurer
ALBERT HIRT	Recorder



Orchestra

A FEW terms ago, because of its desire for classical music, Townsend Harris bought a splendid Duo-Art piano. However, this desire for musical entertainment continued to grow so rapidly that a real orchestra was founded.

The orchestra was founded by a group of students who had the hopes of seeing music established as a part of the curriculum in Townsend Harris Hall. From a string ensemble in 1927, the Orchestra has developed into an up-to-date group, containing a cello, saxophone, clarinet, piano and violin players, and capable of producing excellent music.

This term's Orchestra, which entertained us with many fine recitals at both the school assemblies and the Varsity Show, proves what a few willing students can accomplish by eager co-operation. Willing as these young men were, nothing could have been done without the assistance of Mr. Rensin, of the College music department. Mr. Rensin, with the aid of the Orchestra's officers, has painstakingly laid the foundation for a permanent music organization in our school.

The officers, who co-operated so ably with Mr. Rensin, were

I. DODES	President
A. SILVERSTEIN	Vice-President
H. ELLISON	Secretary

Sports

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Sports

IN THE sporting annals of every institution of learning there have been occasions when the school, for some unfortunate reasons, could not put forth winning teams. For Townsend Harris that time has come; and it will not depart until some radical changes are effected.

Obviously, a high school of one thousand students, deprived of a gymnasium, and lacking the essential equipment for the various teams, cannot favorably compete with the larger high schools. However, in our brief three year sojourn here, Harris has had winning athletic organizations. Not because of the wealth of material, or the backing of the student body has Harris emerged victorious. Nor have the teams been so far superior to those of their opponents that they could not help but win. It was something less tangible but, none the less, present that enabled them to attain their goal. That unfathomable something was the indomitable spirit which lead them on, and the pluck which brought them victory. Time and again, inferior Harris teams, playing in that reckless, eager, but efficient manner which usually characterizes those teams that have nothing to lose and everything to gain, have beaten their stronger, more experienced adversaries.

Regardless of Harris' interscholastic standing, her teams have set a mark which others may strive in vain to eclipse. Always, in the thick of the battle, winning or losing, Harris athletes have maintained fair play, so that this enviable record might not be marred. More so than any institution in the league has Harris observed the eligibility rules, for what pride may be derived from dishonorable victory?

There has always been an unfortunate factor, recently the more noticeable, which has prevented Harris teams from giving their utmost for victory. The support of the student body is as indispensable to a winning aggregation as is the material with which the team is formed. Since the Harris organizations in the past two years have not fared very well in comparison to the other public high schools, the members of the school have been disheartened and lack interest in the activities of their representatives in sports. However poor a team may be, however serious the difficulties confronting it, it should not be abandoned by the students. There is all the more reason that the school should support its athletes in such a situation, for the only remedy for downheartedness is cheer, for lack of spirit, encouragement.

We, of the graduating class of January 1930, pay a tribute to Harris. We have endeavored to preserve the records set by our predecessors on the field of sport. If we have succeeded, still may the Crimson and Gold of Townsend Harris Hall rise above the other banners, fearlessly answering their challenges, and may that emblem, with all that it symbolizes, which has been so well protected and defended, forever remain unstained.



Track Team

ALTHOUGH many sprinters and middle-distance men were lost to the team because of graduation, this term's track aggregation is one of the best that has ever represented Townsend Harris in an athletic contest.

The co-captains, Sam and Lep Mothner, who scored in every meet last term, have reached the peak of their form, and it is certain that they will place high in the City Championships this term. Too much cannot be said in praise of the excellent work of the Mothners, for in them, Harris has two of the foremost middle-distance runners in the city. Sam runs the 440, and his brother, Lep, covers the 880 and the mile, while the sprinters are Norden, Donnelly, Alpern, Neville, and Sohm, all of whom stand an excellent chance of placing in the novice events.

Perhaps the most gratifying feature of the team's showing is the large squad of freshmen which have turned out. This group of new candidates, together with a great number of upper classmen, has changed the team from an organization having only two good runners, into a really strong contender. The lower classmen have formed the nucleus of an excellent relay team, selected from the following men: Wilson, Rosenfield, Aranow, Mohl, Snedeker, Pearlman, Whitman, and Silpe.

However, an element essential to the ultimate success of a track team is the enthusiastic support of the student body and this, unfortunately, is still conspicuous by its absence. There are only a few students who follow the activities of the team with any degree of interest and fewer still are those who encourage the members, spurring them on to greater efforts. Others should follow their example, and thus increase the ranks of Harris rooters.

This team, the Harris Track Team was contemplating entrance into a new field, namely the cross-country run. The runners had practiced this event, and Lep Mothner, in his first attempt at that distance, covered the long run in extremely good time. However, for some reason or other, the team was not represented in any of the cross-country meets.

It is noticeable that since the advent of Tony Orlando to the coaching position of the Harris Track Team, there has been a decided improvement, making clear to all that his untiring efforts have not come to naught. A new faculty adviser, Mr. Penn, has taken charge of the cinder pushers, and it is partly due to his energetic efforts that the track team has shown such excellent spirit.

This semester, Manager Barrow has entered the trackmen in a member of contests. The strenuous schedule consists of the Eastern District, Stuyvesant, Syracuse, Princeton, Clinton, Elks, Knights of Columbus, and City Championship meets; and both Coach Orlando and Mr. Penn are very optimistic as to the results of these contests.



Soccer Team

THE Harris Soccer team this semester has had a comparatively successful season. Indeed, it has done better than last year's aggregation in the matter of winning games. The prime reason for this splendid showing is the expert coaching of Glenn Conroy, a graduate of Townsend Harris Hall.

Although only two of last year's regulars, Capt. "Scotty" McDermott and "Charlie" Ozer, were left to form the basis of the team, Glenn Conroy performed an excellent job in turning out an eleven of such good calibre. The team has played a remarkable defensive game all season, which was partly offset by the lack of an experienced goalie.

Schedule

	Harris	Opponent
Morris	1	1
Commerce	1	2
Monroe	0	5
Stuyvesant	1	1
MacBurney	8	0
Roosevelt	2	0
Evander	1	1
George Washington	0	1
DeWitt Clinton	0	1



Fencing Team

EVEN though the Fencing Team was not so strong as some of its predecessors, it was, nevertheless, comparatively powerful. The trio, consisting of Edward Tilburne, Capt. Irving Abrams, and Mgr. Raymond Greene, showed much ability. Both Tilburne and Abrams are veterans, while Kirkland, a promising Upper B, bids fair to compete on next term's Varsity. This season a very large squad has turned out, which indicates the growing popularity of fencing in Townsend Harris Hall. Tilburne has devoted himself to the coaching of these candidates.

As Tilburne and Greene are leaving this term, the men who will represent Harris next season will be chosen from Kirkland, Abrams, Karlin, and Leight. Mgr. Greene expresses the opinion that the team can look forward to a bright future, for fencing has become established in this school, and Townsend Harris will most surely regain the fencing championship of the city.

Due to the good work of Manager Greene, a strong and well balanced schedule has been drawn up. Matches have been arranged with Morris, George Washington, Morris Evening, Boys', Barringer, and Textile High Schools.



Swimming Team

SINCE it will not be hurt by the coming graduation, the Swimming Team, under the leadership of Capt. Fredericks, has bright hopes for the future.

This term, the team was most successful in the 50 yard free-style and back-stroke. Fredericks and Rubin swam in the former event, while Houck, Weinberger, and Wallach scored regularly in the back stroke. The 50 yard breast-stroke positions have been satisfactorily filled by Meltzer, Elswit, and Glusman, all of whom have succeeded in tallying quite a number of points. Meltzer has been the star of the squad, for he has succeeded in garnering quite a good many first places.

Ash and Shaub held down the 100 yard berths. The divers were Goldsmith, Eliasberg and Eliscue, among whom the first named has been the best point getter of the trio. "Bill" Boyd returned to his former forte, the 220 yard free-style. He, Russo, and Steig placed repeatedly in the dual meets. The relay, consisting of Tolins, Greenbaum, Grady, and Robinson, would have been a high scorer, but for the fact that ineligibility and absence prevented their swimming together.

The success of the team is largely due to the united efforts of Mr. Heynich, faculty adviser, and Mr. MacCormack, the popular and experienced swimming coach.



Lacrosse Team

DURING the off season, the Harris Lacrosse Team practiced consistently in Jasper Oval. Under the efficient coaching of the veterans, Manager Davis, Tolins, and Co-Captains Trest and Wozniak, the new and inexperienced candidates have been welded into a fairly formidable group of stick-wielders. Although the squad has a serious handicap in weight and stature, it is expected that Coach Rody, when he takes charge in the Spring term, will have a promising aggregation to enter in the P. S. A. L. competition.

In past terms, the lacrosse squad was put at a serious disadvantage because of the lack of necessary material. However, this has been remedied by the addition of the essential equipment, which enables the team to have practice under better conditions. For this reason, the members of the team have hopes of a more successful campaign next term.

Although the present goalie, Davis is to be graduated this term, the team has a good man in Narins, who has been playing that position during practice. He has an able competitor in Kuris, another newcomer.

Besides those already mentioned, the others who will form the nucleus of next term's team are Capt. Rosenberg, Ordman, R. Tolins, Lemmert, Cohen, Reiser, and Smith.

Senior Directory

INSTRUCTIONS FOR REUNIONS: *The class has been divided into eight groups, each under the supervision of one secretary who will be in contact at all times with the Secretary-in-Chief, Ralph M. Jerskey. Each secretary will represent his group at the meetings of the committee. It will be the duty of each secretary to correspond with his group at definite intervals, and to keep them informed of the activities and plans of the committee. In case of removal from your present address, notify your secretary.*

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And to the entire Student Body, for their support in subscribing to this publication;

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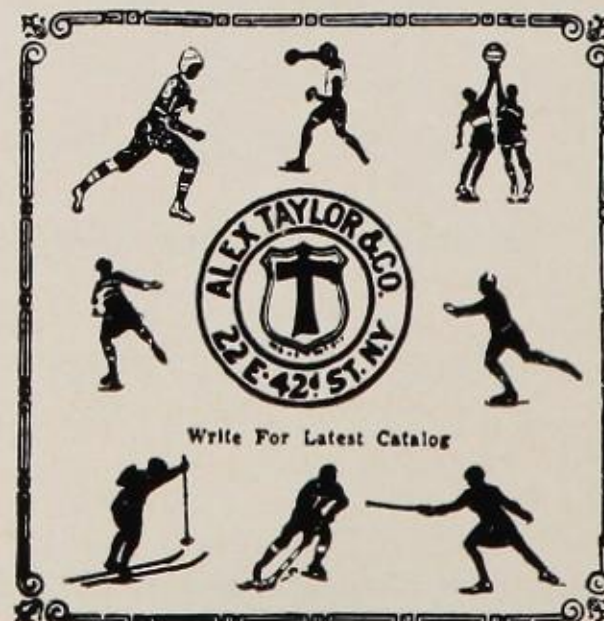
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